Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 22, 1965 35 CENTS

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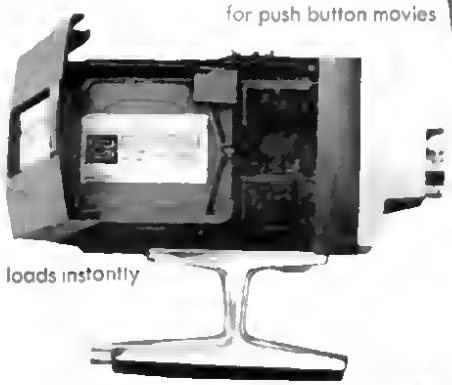

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Next week

THE TITLE FIGHT is on in Las Vegas, where Gilbert Rogin writes of the champion and how he won and discusses what went wrong in the hopes and plans of the man who was defeated.

FOOTBALL SHOWDOWN for the colleges pits Notre Dame against Michigan State and UCLA against USC. Reports on these and the other pivotal games of the last big week.

IN THE SALT MIRAGES of Bonneville, brother wars against brother. Jack Olsen begins the story of Arthur and Walter Arfons, their conflict and their race for the land-speed record.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The members of our writing staff take their sports straight and with stern self-control. This coolness is expected of them, for they must look through the excitement of the moment to get a lucid, unemotional story. They must be able to take disciplined notes on a boxing match, for example, with one of the fighters in their lap. ("Uh, pardon me, sir," they are expected to say calmly, "but you seem to have landed on my company typewriter.") I never hope to see one of them jumping up and down or sailing his hat into the air at a football game. True, there is one man listed in the column at right who absolutely chokes up at Churchill Downs when the band plays *My Old Kentucky Home*, but we forgive him that. He is a baseball writer, which may explain why he is an emotional sitting duck.

There is, however, one moment in sport that produces exceptional strain on the old keep-calm tradition. It is that stunning instant when the bell rings and two men rise from their corners for Round One of a heavyweight championship fight. Never mind the psychological implications behind it—perhaps it touches a prehistoric tuning fork deep within us—the fact is, it is a tumultuous moment. The temptation is to say that nothing in spectator sports can rival it for getting the juices flowing and the knees awobble.

But don't give way to the temptation unless you are ready for an argument. A small poll around the office showed that there is more than one candidate challenging the heavyweight fight for the "most exciting" title.

The opening-bell position finds one ardent supporter in Tex Maule, who for a decade has kept his dispassionate eye on the thrills of pro football. "Nothing in the world compares with the first bell at a heavyweight championship fight. Nothing."

Alfred Wright tends to side with the heavyweight fight theory, too, but adds a candidate of his own. "There is a moment of trauma at the start of the Masters in Augusta. It comes at the precise point the starter says to an Arnold Palmer, 'Play away,' and you look down that first fairway and find it solidly lined with the faces of the gallery. The same wonderful agony that grips the crowd grips the players."

"Heavyweight fight, bah!" says Rafael Delgado Lozano, our correspondent who lives in Mexico City and therefore can pull off a statement with a "bah" in it. "There is a time in the bullring when the world is perfect. The red of the cape and the shadow slashed across the sand, the flash of costume and shiny sword. The trumpet blows and it makes a sound like shattering glass, and now the matador makes his final passes. It is such a beauty, such a moment, I could cry. In fact, I often *do* cry. This," says Lozano, "is a bigger moment than two men can make in a box-fight ring."

Robert Creamer, resident baseball editor, patiently repeating a fact of life he feels everyone should know, says, "The big moment is the start of the seventh game of a World Series. You always hear the tired, old phrase 'There is no tomorrow.' Well, this is one time that it is true."

To Bob Oltum, who writes of motor sports, fights do not belong in the same league with the stunning sensation at Indianapolis when the man shouts, "Gentlemen, start your engines!", and to Andrew Crichton even bigger excitement comes at track and field events when the starter says, "To your marks!", because these men, Track Editor Crichton points out, "are their *own* engines, you see."

We see. We also see that we will never settle the argument here. People take their Big Moments seriously. But of this we are certain. One of those Big Moments is coming up next week in Las Vegas and our writer Gilbert Rogin, whose preview of the heavyweight championship fight begins on page 34, is emotionally braced for it. He did not take a hat with him to Las Vegas, which is one way to be sure that when the bell for Round One sounds he is not going to throw it into the air.

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FOOTLOOSE

The university's sports fame makes it difficult for Ann Arbor to stay small

Drive over one of the expressways to a University of Michigan football game and you rarely see a road sign pointing to Ann Arbor. The signs merely read EXIT TO STADIUM. The stadium was built in 1927, and more than 12 million spectators have since watched football games there but so secluded, closely knit and community-minded was the little town of Ann Arbor that many of the visitors scarcely glanced in its direction. And the indifference was mutual: people in Ann Arbor scarcely glanced at the crowds. The university has been so famous for so long as a powerhouse of intercollegiate sport—the home of Fielding Yost's merciless point-a-minute teams, the creator of an intramural sports program without parallel anywhere, and right now, with an indifferent football season, gaining another reputation with some extremely interesting and artful basketball—that Ann Arbor as a college town was certain of only one fate. It was going to be overlooked.

Not so any longer.

Ann Arbor these days appears to have reacted to President Johnson's beautification program with almost alarming zeal. Instant beauty is being added to Main Street, just six blocks from the University of Michigan campus, in the form of a mall and promenade, with restful benches, decorative shrubs, shaded walks and 44 tall linden trees and honey locusts, costing $200 each. Traffic will be confined to the middle of Main Street hereafter. The community effort to make Main Street beautiful was made possible by the will of Miss Elizabeth Russell Dean, who died in 1964 at the age of 79 and left her fortune to be used to plant and maintain trees on city property. The fortune totaled $1,940,368—an impressive gift to come from a quiet, small-town lady.

A visitor gets the impression that most people in Ann Arbor are concerned, as was Miss Dean, with preserving the small-town atmosphere of the place. They want to keep it despite the fact that the University of Michigan has 31,261 students and crowds of a hundred thousand take over the town for football games.

According to the late Professor Orlando Stephenson's excellent history of Ann Arbor, a promoter named John Allen selected a site "of indescribable beauty 10 miles west of Ypsilanti." That was in 1824. The Huron River curved along the edge of the valley and through the low hills, in a rich but somehow sturdy-looking midwestern landscape, and the indescribable beauty of the place has been almost an article of faith among the townspeople. The University of Michigan was located in Ann Arbor in 1837 after promoters of a land company gave 40 acres

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for a campus, expecting to clean up on the sale of land around it Ever since, people have been aware of the university, not of Ann Arbor

Everywhere you look, it seems, students are running and jumping beyond the next grove of trees, or hurrying to the Matt Mann Pool or to the Sports Building beside it, the country's first intramural sports center, built with the proceeds from the vast crowds at Michigan football games in the '20s There are at least 250 intramural-league basketball teams, 80 in the division made up of social fraternities, 16 teams in the faculty league, eight teams in the foreign students' league and so on At least 2,000 students play in the league games of touch football and softball Nobody knows the totals involved in intramural track, swimming, golf, tennis, handball, wrestling, boxing, water polo, table tennis and the like Then there is co-recreation Every Friday night men and women students play in mixed teams swimming, gymnastics and the like Officiating at games is a sizable student business at Michigan, officials collecting $1 50 per game, paid by the university And then there are the sport clubs—a lacrosse club soccer club, judo club, boxing club and especially a ski club The nearest ski resort is, surprisingly, only 17 miles from Ann Arbor, but the trains usually take crowds farther, and the crowds are growing Restaurants in Ann Arbor have place-mat maps showing 83 ski areas.

Town and gown

Other colleges have the same sort of activity, perhaps, but in Ann Arbor there seems to be more of it Most of Michigan's total enrollment is concentrated near the original 40 acres of its first campus There are some 8,000 students in the residence halls, about 3,000 in the fraternity and sorority houses, plus 11,000 in homes and apartments.

The townspeople, of course, know the university's sports history They know Michigan's first intercollegiate football game was in 1879, that Fielding Yost's men won the first Rose Bowl game in 1902 and that in the '20s and early '30s Michigan won the Big Ten championship eight times in 12 years Great names from the past, like Fritz Crisler and Benny Oosterbaan, are not likely to impress the townspeople, not because of a lack of interest in sport but because they are not impressed by any great names The May Festival, one of the great musical events in the country, has been held annually for 72 years, and if you grew up in Ann Arbor you might have met Paderewski at the home of Charles Sink, the president of the University Musical Society, or Louise Homer, Artur Rubinstein or Sergei Rachmaninoff

The traditional restaurant family of Ann Arbor was the Metzger family the city had a large German colony before the Civil War —and the Metzgers, when they prospered, did not move on to new fields There are now Metzger's German Restaurant, which carries this arresting sign on Washington Street just east of Main, GUT TRINKEN UND ESSEN TU NICHT VERGESSEN, and Metzger's Old German Restaurant, just west of Main on Washington, which boasts its old-fashioned hasenpfeffer, *Kasseler Rippchen* and other rugged delicacies which have pleased generations of undergraduates

Ann Arbor remained dry after Prohibition was repealed Key clubs were organized, and one of these, the Town Club, acquired a reputation because of its restaurant the only In place in Ann Arbor, said a Detroit gourmet the other day where at one time you really had to have a key in order to get anything to eat or drink After 42 dry years liquor by the glass was legalized in Ann Arbor not long ago by a vote of 12,481 for and 10,682 against You still need a key at the Town Club. But at the Pretzel Bell Restaurant on an ordinary midweek night you find a couple hundred students quietly assembled On the average, they consume seven and a half kegs of beer nightly.

One of the mysteries of Ann Arbor history is where people stayed when they visited the town In the old days the accepted social pattern for a football Saturday included a big dinner after the game, with guests spending the night on cots and pallets, which covered every available foot of floor space. By 1959, however, as many as 103,234 spectators were in Ann Arbor for a game with Michigan State. Where did they stay? Ann Arbor had only the small Allenel Hotel, since torn down, the Bell Tower on campus and a scattering of motels on the outskirts of town Visiting teams usually put up at the Huron in Ypsilanti, a small-town hotel where a player piano in the diminutive bar provided a measure of gaiety. But in the past two years motels have proliferated along the expressways This year building permits in Ann Arbor come to about $100 million The new buildings include an 11-story motor inn, a 14-story hotel and 13-story and 26-story apartment houses There is also the new Events Building at the university, a $5 million structure needed because the famous old Yost Field House is overcrowded It is a tribute to Basketball Coach Dave Strack and such stars as Cazzie Russell and Oliver Darden, who have made basketball a subject that engages popular interest in Ann Arbor

Ann Arbor, in short, seems to be in the process of discovering that it has become a city, astonished at its present population of around 80,000 and uneasily expecting a population of 150,000 before long In 1967 the university will be celebrating its 150th anniversary Main Street, with its linden trees, will be ready.

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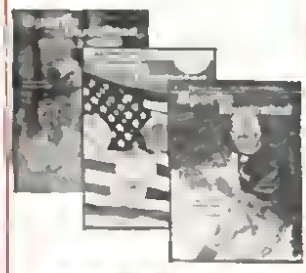

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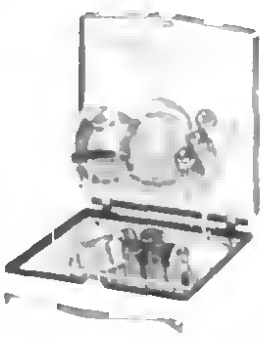

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Hurry up and taste White Horse...

For 4 of the famous crystal glasses pictured here, send check or money order for $3.00 to White Horse Scotch Glasses, Dept. 3-S, P.O. Box 170, Boston, Mass. 02101.

It's lighter than you think!

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED 86 PROOF. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Know a golfer named:

Whatever his name, give him Registered Royal—the world's only registered golf ball—in a gold-tooled Lexide® utility case with a handsome Doe-Lon® putter cover inside. And have each of his Registered Royal balls inscribed with his own name. It's one way to remember him that he won't forget. (After all, wouldn't you remember someone who named a golf ball after you?)

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

Registered Royal® Christmas Gift Packs are available at your golf professional shop or can be purchased with this coupon. Send it today.

Orders for personalized balls must be received before **December 10, 1965**. Names must be 26 letters and spaces or less. Minimum order of dozen balls required for each name. For additional names, attach list. Enclose check or money order for the full purchase price plus 50¢ for mailing and handling for each pack. Make checks payable to Royal Golf Equipment. Include name of your professional so he can receive credit for this sale. Be sure to check Registered Royal, Royal Red, or Royal Queen for each separate name.

Please send me the following

_____ Registered Royal Christmas Gift Packs for the regular dozen price of $14.50

Registered Royal _____ Registered Royal Red _____ Registered Royal Queen

Name to be inscribed on balls _____

Your Name _____

Address _____

Name of Professional _____

Course or Club _____

Address _____

Send to Department C, Royal Golf Equipment, 10 Eagle Street, Providence, R.I. 02901

New for '66! RCA Victor Stereo Tape Music in your car

RCA Victor Stereo 8 Cartridge Tapes and a Stereo Sound System ...the '66 Way to Enjoy the World's Greatest Sound on Wheels!

Here's a new kind of excitement that adds an entirely new dimension to your motoring enjoyment Imagine yourself driving down a super highway . you slip a Stereo 8 cartridge into the stereo player and suddenly there's music all around, bathing you in thrilling uninterrupted, stereophonic sound. Well, don t dream about it it's here!

Classy as bucket seats, the easy-to-use cartridge is completely automatic Push it in to start . . pull it out to stop No threading or rewinding and with a touch of a button you can change to any of four programs on the tape up to 80 minutes of uninterrupted music, even when you re going through tunnels, storms, or under bridges.

Choose the music you like best from RCA Victor's catalog of new Stereo 8 cartridge tapes featuring top entertainers such as Al Hirt, Henry Mancini, Harry Belafonte, The Boston Symphony, Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops and Original Cast recordings from Broadway and Hollywood

The smartly designed cartridge tape player can be yours in many of the '66 Ford Family of Fine Cars and there are players which can be quickly and easily installed in any other car. The wide selection of superb RCA Victor Stereo 8 cartridge tapes is available through many record stores, auto dealers, auto accessory shops and participating dealers

All new RCA Victor Stereo 8 cartridge tapes come with a warranty that guarantees replacement upon return to RCA within 1 year of purchase of any cartridge exhibiting any apparent manufacturing defect in normal use Write for a free catalog to RCA Victor Stereo 8, Dept A-4, Mail Order Service, 6550 East 30th St. Indianapolis, Indiana 46219

RCA VICTOR STEREO 8

Patterned Ban-Lon®

A happy paradox of a sock that's highly sophisticated in its rib and panel design, but very down-to-earth about going into the washing machine. For young men on the go.

Interwoven®

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

Stretch knit of Ban-Lon® 100% Caprolan® nylon with spandex in top. One size fits all. $1.00. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth.

When they call a roll-out you're ready

Follow the action on the new 19"* Sylvania Portable Color TV.

Sylvania's new 19" *color bright 85*™ picture tube is TV's brightest. And more brightness in the tube puts more color in the picture. Naturally brilliant color with rare-earth Europium phosphor.

Roll this compact color set anywhere. Face it in any direction. It performs like a champion. Put the 50-yard line in front of any chair in your home and follow the action. In brilliant Sylvania color.

See today's brightest innovation in Color TV at your Sylvania dealer's, listed in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Entertainment Products Division, Batavia, N. Y.

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

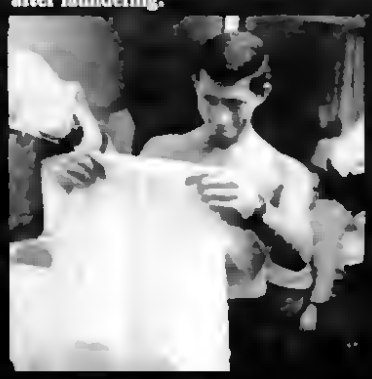
*19 inch color tube measured diagonally; 180 sq. in. overall viewing area.

What's coming off here?

Last minute date—no time to go home. Peels off his Truval Permanent Press shirt and pops it into the washer.

Because the trimly tailored Truval shirt is 65% Kodel® polyester and 35% combed cotton, he's sitting pretty.

Truval shirts of Kodel and cotton need no ironing wear after wear, laundering after laundering.



No wrinkles, no puckered seams, no pilling. Sanforized Plus®—and only $5.

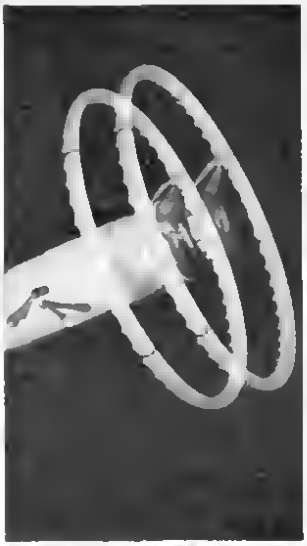
Kodel stays whiter, longer. Nothing can tie Truval shirts for instant good looks.

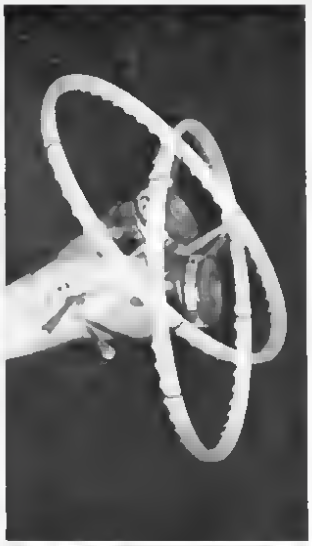
Exit our Truval Permanent Press Man. What gal wouldn't adore carrying his shirts to the laundry!

Truval Permanent Press Shirts

350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001

KODEL





What can you do with Chevrolet's steering wheel? Adjust it in, out, up, down . . .

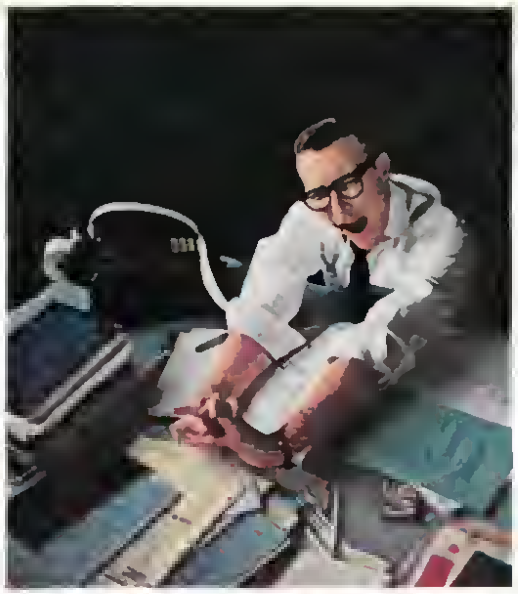
to the setting that's ideal for you! Chevrolet's Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel gives you complete control over the distance between you and the wheel. Turn the steering wheel hub and move the wheel in or out through almost a 3-inch range. Then lift the small lever on the left of the steering column, and tilt the wheel up or down. ▪ The idea behind it all is to give stout, slender, tall or short drivers unhindered vision, relaxed arm reach at the wheel, plenty of room for your legs. By swinging the wheel all the way up you can enter or leave the car more easily. By adjusting the wheel while driving, you're able to eliminate muscle "freeze" on long highway trips for maximum comfort every mile of the way. The Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel is available on all full-size Chevrolets. Ask your Chevrolet Dealer for a demonstration. ▪ *The Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel by Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan.*

All-Time All-American

Cheers for the winning Bird! Generation after generation, there's never been a substitute for Old Crow. Mixes smoothly. Scores with highballs. Selected by the cocktail experts. You too can be a cheer-ful fan. Join the nationwide Crow Rooters Club. Those who know, drink... OLD CROW

Famous. Smooth. Mellow.

FREE [illegible] BOOKLET [illegible] of recipes, serving suggestions and party ideas, all [illegible] illustrated. Send to Old Crow, Box 166 T [illegible] St. Station, New York, N.Y. [illegible]



Should a harried Public Accountant drive a relaxed private fun car like Mustang?

It figures. If anything will get a frazzled figure-wrestler away from his worries in one great glorious hurry, it's Mustang. The '66 version is enhanced in a dozen subtle, significant ways. A new grille. Gleaming new trim. A great new Safety Package, and a sporty Six, standard. New options like the AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system that gives you over 70 minutes of music on each easy-to-load tape cartridge. The array of luxury and performance options goes on and on—it'd take an accountant to sort out the whole list, from air-conditioning through power brakes and steering, vinyl-covered hardtop, special handling package, Cruise-O-Matic transmission, big 289 cubic-inch V-8 and much more. Adds up to quite a lot, doesn't it? If you've been feeling a little driven lately, maybe it's time to drive a Mustang '66.

America's Favorite Fun Car
MUSTANG
MUSTANG
MUSTANG

1966 Mustang

Richard Barber at owns and operates his own food provisioning business in Neptune New Jersey

"I want to build a food business. Not a life insurance program!"

"But I saw what I was missing...when a MONY man worked out a plan that would strengthen my business and help me reach my retirement goal at 55!"

MONY man Marvin Massey [illegible] it over with Richard Barber at

"'I'm healthy,' I told MONY man Marvin Massey 'Why talk life insurance? I'd rather put money into my food business!'

"But Marvin put himself in my shoes and discussed insurance from *my* angle I told him my plans, including retirement at 55

"He gave it a lot of thought and came back with a detailed plan that tied in with everything I'd ever wanted Basically I'd be protecting my family But at the same time I'd be building cash . .as an emergency fund for my business ..or college for my boys And if I didn't use it that way, then I'd be able to retire on it at 55! I bought that ideal

"I've been adding to the plan ever since. I've also got major medical and disability insurance with MONY So if I get sick, I can pay someone to fill in for me.

"Marvin and MONY sure have taken a load off my mind. I'd recommend them to anyone!"

MONY men care for people

Get in touch with a MONY man near you Rely on his seasoned judgment to provide you with the finest life and health insurance protection money can buy ..from MONY, a leader for 122 years.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY Dept [illegible]
Broadway at 55th st
New York N.Y. 10019
Please send these free helpful booklets

☐ The ABC Of Life Insurance How insurance works in plain English Basic types cash values dividends etc

☐ Talking Over Federal Taxes And Life And Health Insurance [illegible] and how it can help you [illegible]

☐ The Unique Investment Feature Of Life Insurance Helping [illegible] insurance with stocks and bonds

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York New York N.Y.—Life Health Group Insurance Pens on Plans [illegible] Offices throughout the United States in Canada and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe

The gentle mixer

Squirt gentles whiskey, gin and vodka with the fresh, dry taste of premium sun-ripened citrus.

It's so refreshing, you almost wonder how a soft drink can be such a good mixer.

Prolong your pleasure. Take your holiday cheer tall— with Squirt, the gentle mixer.

The fresh approach to the mixed drink.

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

MANHATTAN knows how to please a very particular man. Give him a comfortable sport shirt in a big, bold plaid. And make it 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton. Then he can forget about wrinkles. "Dacron" will keep it neat and fresh through lots of action, lots of fun. Wash & wear, of course. Extra-long-wearing, too. A wide range of plaids in all his favorite colors, $6.95 at fine stores. Ask for Manhattan Dura-Smooth sport shirts with "Dacron"

*Du Pont's registered trademark
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes
Better Things for Better Living
. through Chemistry

DU PONT

Paul Masson said, "Brandy is the only drink distilled from something good to drink."

(1) Brandy is made from wine.
(2) We have been premium wine growers since 1852.
(3) Now, at last, we are able to offer a premium brandy.
(4) Was it worth the wait? (5) Judge for yourself.

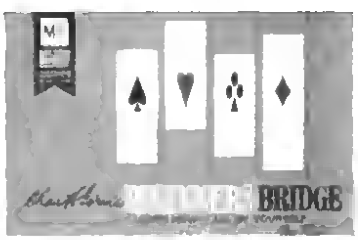
BRANDY 80 PROOF. PREPARED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1965.

Who says you can't play better bridge?

Charles Goren and Milton Bradley have just developed three new bridge "games" to help you!

Play and Defend Bridge

Here's your chance to play bridge with Goren. Interesting hands are pre-determined and contracts set by Goren. Suggested method of play is outlined by Goren in the booklet, The Playback. Two decks, game sheet, bidding wheels, score pad and The Playback booklet are included: the price, $5.00.



Beginner's Bridge

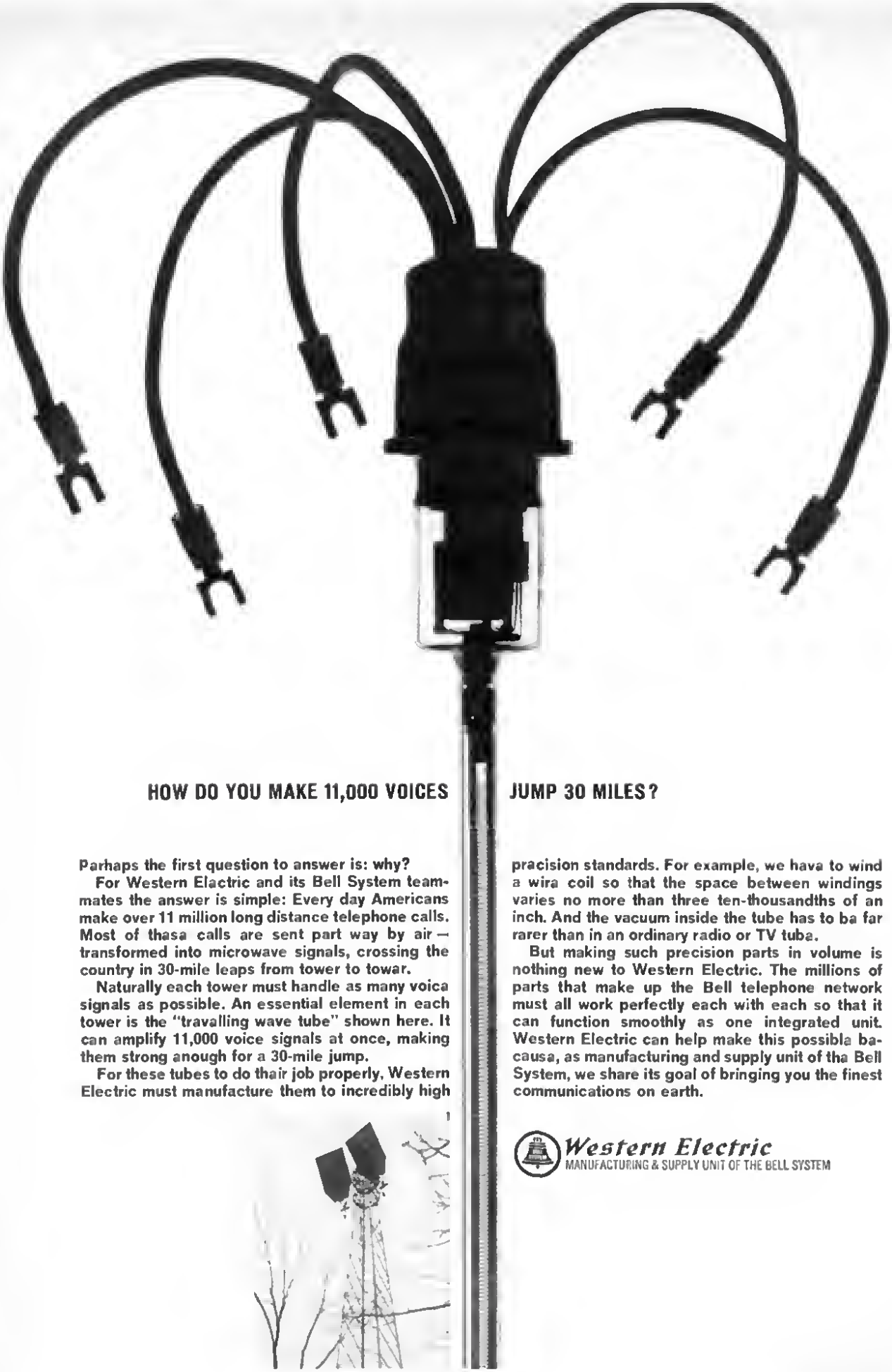
The fastest, easiest, most-fun way to learn bridge from scratch. An illustrated, easy-to-read booklet describes all of the basic terms and moves as Goren leads you through simple hands to more complex play. Unique plastic instructor board included: the price, $5.00.

Bridge for Two

Whenever you can't find a fourth, play Goren's fascinating, exciting two-handed game. Bridge for Two can be as much fun for the expert as it is for the beginner. A card table cover (with Goren Point Count System printed on it), two decks and Goren's Bridge for Two booklet are included, the price, $5.00.

Milton Bradley makes a complete line of games for adults, including: Auto Chess, Password, Stratego, The Match Game, I Doubt It, Travel Card Kit, Acey-Ducey and Backgammon, The James Bond Game and Adult Jigsaw Puzzles. Available at Department Stores and fine Bookstores.

MILTON BRADLEY MAKES THE BEST GAMES IN THE WORLD! MB MILTON BRADLEY



HOW DO YOU MAKE 11,000 VOICES JUMP 30 MILES?

Parhaps the first question to answer is: why?

For Western Electric and its Bell System teammates the answer is simple: Every day Americans make over 11 million long distance telephone calls. Most of thasa calls are sent part way by air — transformed into microwave signals, crossing the country in 30-mile leaps from tower to towar.

Naturally each tower must handle as many voica signals as possible. An essential element in each tower is the "travalling wave tube" shown here. It can amplify 11,000 voice signals at once, making them strong anough for a 30-mile jump.

For these tubes to do thair job properly, Western Electric must manufacture them to incredibly high pracision standards. For example, we hava to wind a wira coil so that the space between windings varies no more than three ten-thousandths of an inch. And the vacuum inside the tube has to ba far rarer than in an ordinary radio or TV tuba.

But making such precision parts in volume is nothing new to Western Electric. The millions of parts that make up the Bell telephone network must all work perfectly each with each so that it can function smoothly as one integrated unit. Western Electric can help make this possibla bacausa, as manufacturing and supply unit of tha Bell System, we share its goal of bringing you the finest communications on earth.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

Announcing a sporty new fastback! Drive General Motors lowest-priced car– and look good doing it.

When Buick puts its name behind an economy car, it had really better be something. Opel Kadett really is. It's liberally packed with features you simply don't expect to find on a car of this price. No wonder over a ¼ million people in 130 countries last year made the move to Opel Kadett.

Change your mind about economy. This is Buick's new Opel Kadett sports coupe. A different kind of economy car. It's fun to drive, for one thing. Really impressive, for another. Built to make people look good—and save them money to boot.

Snappy engine. The snappy 54 horsepower engine will squeeze more miles out of a gallon of gas than you thought possible. Standard equipment includes full carpeting, front and back. Padded dash. Padded visors. Windshield washers. Seat belts, front and back. A console-mounted sport gear shift. Bucket seats. An all-vinyl interior. A Super Kadett engine plus front disc brakes are also available.

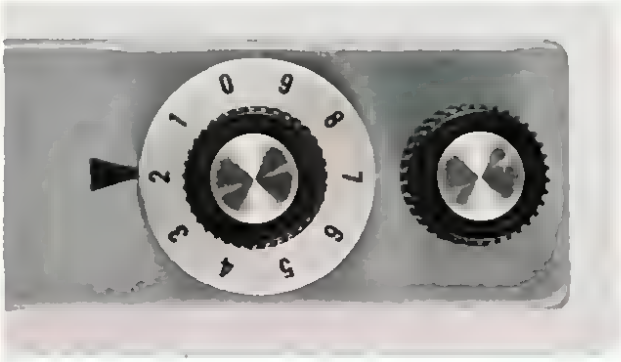
People pleasers. No doubt about it. The Opel Kadetts for '66 are out to gain your favor. And so is the man who does the selling—your nearby Buick-Opel dealer. There are more than 600 of them from coast to coast. Check your Yellow Pages for the one near you.

Five ways to look good.

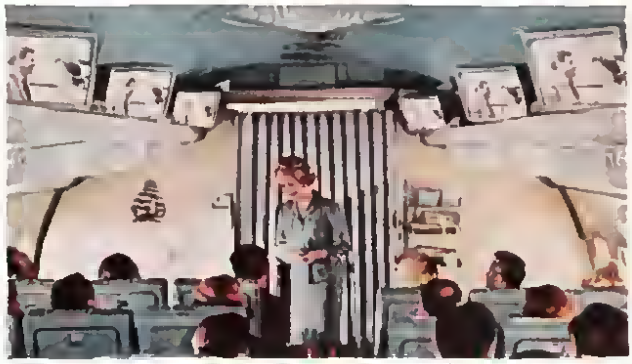
	EAST	WEST
Two-door sedan	$1657*	$1739*
Deluxe two-door sedan	$1780*	$1863*
Sport coupe	$1816*	$1899*
Deluxe four door sedan	$1868*	$1950*
Station wagon	$1898*	$1980*

Drive Buick's new Opel Kadett. You'll look good doing it.

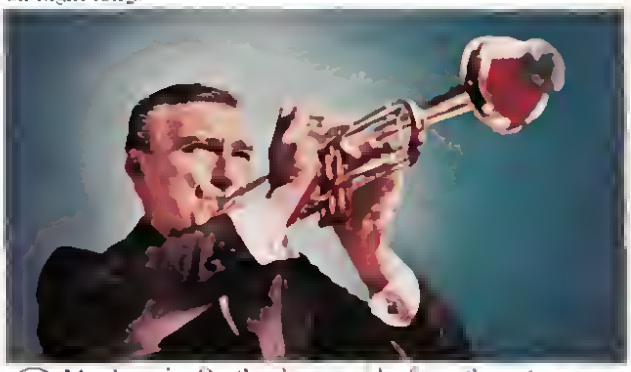
Theatre-in-the-Air: Now to Europe,



Here's our brand-new switch on high-flying entertainment. Turn it—and tune in anything from a movie to a musical. No other airline can match Theatre-in-the-Air. And it's yours to enjoy all flight long.



(3) **Symphonies.** Operas, too. Bach, Beethoven, Verdi, and other famous composers, in amazingly live stereo.



(4) **Mood music.** On the dreamy side. Smooth contemporary sounds. Strictly instrumental, always very stereo.

(7) **A children's show.** Complete with a funny man and stories, songs, riddles, games and happy nonsense.

(8) **All-time musical favorites.** The best of yesterday's music, strictly for nostalgic toe-tapping.

Now we have Theatre-in-the-Air on most Pan Am flights to Europe, Hawaii and across the Pacific.

People who've seen it say it's the most advanced entertainment system that ever got off the ground.

That's because Theatre-in-the-Air is a great movie, and much, much more. When you're not watching the film, you can take your pick of nine continuous programs designed for private listening. There's something for everybody. And you can switch from channel to channel, or enjoy complete quiet, any time you like all flight long. *You* run the show.

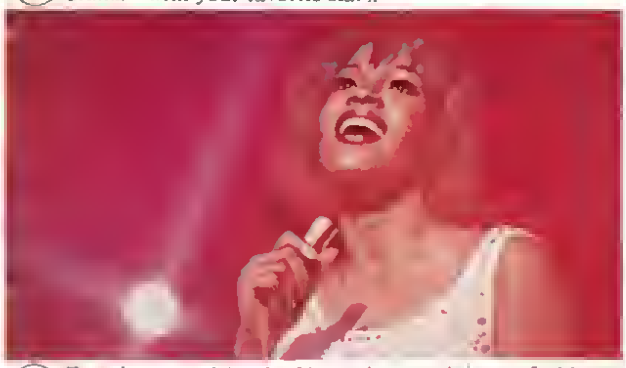
And when it's movie time, you get the best seat in the house. No matter where you are on the plane, you have a screen a few feet away, at just the right height for lean-back-and-take-it-easy viewing.

Unlike single-screen movie systems, Theatre-in-the-Air doesn't make you look over any shoulders, or strain

Hawaii and across the Pacific.

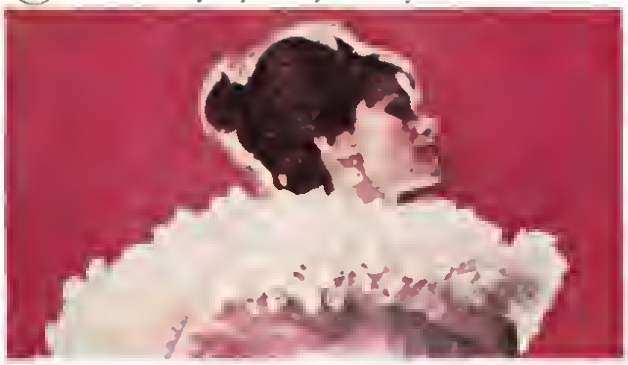
(1) **Movies.** First-run and feature films—comedy, musical or drama—with your favorite stars.

(2) **Show tunes.** The best from Broadway and other famous boulevards 'round the world.



(5) **Pop singers and bands.** Up-to-date renditions of old and new favorites you probably know by heart.

(6) **Tunes for teens.** You might call it the big beat at 30,000 feet. Very much for young hipsters.



(9) **For the ladies.** Latest words from experts on fashion, food and fun—in Paris and other places.

(10) **For the men.** Inside information on business and protocol in all the important faraway places.

your eyes because you're up too close or back too far. And you don't have to sit in a darkened cabin, so you can read, work or chat if you want to.

We've thought of everything.

To arrange your Jet Clipper® flight, see a Pan Am Travel Agent or call on us. Our new Theatre-in-the-Air will show you a grand time.

And most important of all, you'll know you're flying the very best there is. It's a good feeling.

PAN AM

World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic · First on the Pacific · First in Latin America · First 'Round the World

Now. Rum in a new light!

Ronrico is lighter than any rum you ever tasted. In fact, it's Puerto Rico's lightest. Yet it gives you all the flavor you could ask for. Mix your next batch of daiquiris with Ronrico. And tip the light fantastic.

RONRICO

General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y.C., 80 Proof

SCORECARD

THE EASY WAY

After its narrow victory over Oklahoma State last Saturday, Nebraska's football team announced it had accepted an invitation to play in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day. The hasty decision was apparently made by "the kids," as coaches like to refer to their troops. The kids preferred the Orange Bowl and Miami to the Cotton Bowl and Dallas, and it's hard to blame them if it's a holiday they're after. But it must be remembered that if Notre Dame beats Michigan State then Arkansas and Nebraska, barring an upset, will rank first and second in the country. If the Nebraskans are still chasing the No. 1 position that their coach, Bob Devaney, thinks they deserve, why aren't they going to Dallas, where they could meet Arkansas on New Year's Day and do something positive to prove their right to that lofty rank?

$25 GOLF BALLS

Goodness gracious, what they are doing to golf! The Professional Golfers' Association announced recently that any golfer who so much as dares to throw a ball to the gallery after winning a tournament will be fined $25 for such an outward and tawdry display of jubilation. The PGA suggests that people will be injured scrambling for the ball, although no recent casualty lists have been presented. One of our golf writers, however, rather likes the ruling. "It's the first positive decision the PGA has made in years," he says.

TROUBLE IN SUMTER

The way things have been going for the New York Yankees lately they would end up in the wrong half of their class in a television toothpaste test. Last week Del Webb, who sold his share of the Yankees to CBS last year, brought up a point that is not going to make Yankee fans very happy: the club seems to be in trouble with Bobby Richardson, the best second baseman in baseball. Webb said he doubted that Richardson would be back for the 1966 season. Bobby has hinted that he might stay home in Sumter, South Carolina either to study for the ministry or go into youth work for the YMCA. His desire to quit is not a ploy to gain a raise in pay. "We offered him $60,000 to play last season," said Webb, "and there's something funny about that. Bobby said he wasn't worth that much. Maybe $40,000 or $45,000. He said he didn't want to appear to be dictating terms, but maybe we could give the $15,000 or $20,000 to some worthy cause and keep him in mind for a scouting job or something later on." Webb did not say whether the Yankees complied. Del may find "something funny" in Richardson's attitude but, if Bobby does indeed retire, we doubt that the Yankees will.

MY MOTHER, THE COACH

A Dallas high school coach had, he was sure, a great idea: the players' parents could sit with them on the bench for the big homecoming game. "You can have either your mother or your father sit next to you with your number on a card on their backs," he told them. "How would you like that?"

A voice from the rear of the locker room said: "We got too many coaches on the field right now. We sure don't want *40* of 'em down there."

PRICE FIGHT

If one is willing to throw out some of those grand old "heavyweight championship" fights of the past—such as those pitting Floyd Patterson against Pete Rademacher, Roy Harris, Brian London and Tom McNeeley—history leans heavily toward the underdog in title fights when the participants are meeting for the first time. Patterson himself, for example, beat Archie Moore as a 6-to-5 underdog, Ingemar Johannson won over Patterson at 4 to 1; and Cassius Clay defeated Liston with a price of 7 to 1 against him.

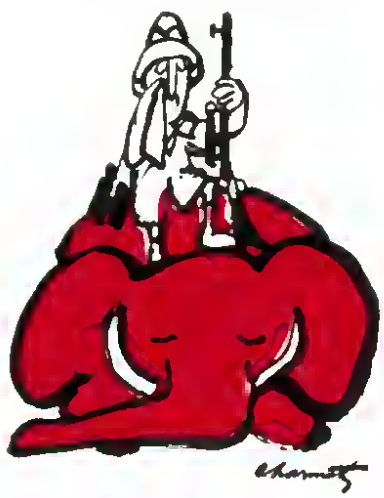
Last week Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, dean of the Las Vegas oddsmakers, issued a bouquet of odds on the Patterson-Clay fight (*page 34*). At fight time Snyder believes that Floyd will be a 3½-to-1 underdog. He further suggests odds of 5 to 1 against Patterson winning on a knockout and even money that the fight does not go eight rounds. Here are Snyder's proposed knockout odds on either fighter round by round: 1) 20 to 1, 2) 15 to 1, 3) 12 to 1, 4) 10 to 1, 5) 8 to 1, 6) 6 to 1, 7) 4 to 1, 8) 3 to 1, 9) 15 to 1, 10) 15 to 1, 11) 15 to 1, 12) 25 to 1, 13) 25 to 1, 14) 35 to 1 and 15) 50 to 1. Just in case you are wondering about that tempting 50-to-1 price in the 15th, the last time it happened was way back in 1931 when Max Schmeling stopped Young Stribling.

IT'S A RAIO!

Sears, Roebuck is advertising a combination pool table and sofa in its Christmas catalog. When a game is over, the bed of the pool table flips over and down and becomes the vertical back of an "elegant Danish Style Sofa." Just like in one of those old George Raft movies on the late show. Out this way, Blackie, quick!

THE NECESSARY PREDATOR

Several years ago, in an admirable effort to preserve its magnificent wildlife and, more than incidentally, to foster a tourist business based on it, Kenya set aside the huge Tsavo National Park as a wildlife preserve. Hunting was prohibited, and poachers—who were killing an estimated 1,000 elephants a year—were effectively suppressed. Unhappily, this policy has resulted in an uncontrolled increase in the elephant population, with the result that the Tsavo, a pleasant region of doum palms and baobabs along the rivers and of dry *nyika* scrub forest elsewhere, is in danger of turning into near desert. In brief, the elephants, which



continued

Don't go—without a Norelco portable tape recorder

Put your trip on tape . . . save all the sounds of your vacation . . . with the Norelco Carry-Corder' '150'! It's the pocket-size portable with the people-size sound. Just slip in a handy tape cartridge, flick a switch, and record! This cordless wonder weighs only 3 lbs. with batteries. Comes with carrying case, pouch, tape mailer, patchcord and 4 tape cartridges. See it at your Norelco dealer. He has a complete range of Norelco portable,mono and stereo models to choose from, plus a wide selection of accessories. And he's offering the great 192-page book, "Family Fun In Tape Recording". Ask for a copy!

Norelco

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rip small plants and grasses out by the roots, are eating themselves out of board and baobab

A. P Achieng, Secretary to the Kenya Ministry of Natural Resources and Wildlife, blames the excessive pachyderm population on misguided overprotection, adding that it is an understandable, though erroneous, response to slaughter elsewhere. "There is a sort of park mystique," Mr Achieng told the *East African Standard*, "in which we try to place nature under a protective spell, a sort of white man's expiatory juju magic, to compensate for all the sins we have committed against nature in the past"

Mr. Achieng recommends periodic cropping of the elephant population through controlled hunting It seems harsh, but such programs have proved successful in neighboring Uganda and Tanzania. And once again it demonstrates that where man is the only effective predator against a species, it upsets the balance of nature to remove him totally from that role.

LONG GREEN

For several months now the American Contract Bridge League has been offering S&H Green Stamps to its tournament winners The stamps are redeemable directly for ACBL merchandise (trophies, cards, duplicate boards, books, records, etc.), or they may be lumped with stamps picked up in the local supermarket and applied toward merchandise in the S&H catalog. Members are generally pleased, but one views with misgivings the possibility that the plan might spread, say, to tournament golf. Under the ACBL system Gary Player would have been the recipient of 18 million green stamps, or 15,000 books of green stamps, for his win in the World Series of Golf. Jack Nicklaus would have earned, to date, 53,280,000 stamps, or everything in the catalog from teacups to trips to Bermuda almost four times over There may be something to be said after all for what one bridge writer has referred to as "the good old cash"

EMPTY SADDLE

The empty-saddled bronc bucked wildly through the ring as the bugler played taps. All eyes were focused on the unusual sight, and the audience of 5,000 sat silent.

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in Harrisburg, Pa., where a rodeo was being held. The Rodeo Cowboys Association was mourning—rodeo style—the death of one of the greatest rodeo performers of all time, Bill Linderman, who was killed in the plane crash in Utah.

ANY QUESTIONS?

The usual sports-luncheon diet of overcooked chicken and half-baked clichés was off the menu when Tulsa Football Coach Glenn Dobbs addressed the Kansas City Byline Club the other noon. "Good sportsmanship," Dobbs started, "is one of the most overrated things around. If you spend a lot of time on sportsmanship, you're going to spend a lot of time losing

"I don't try to fool anyone by saying we're playing our games one at a time, either," Dobbs added. "We're trying to win 10 games so we can get into a bowl."

Dobbs shot down speed and agility in the line, too. "I'm satisfied to use big interior linemen even if they are slow," he admitted cheerfully, "because it's hard to run through them. If a team can run up the middle on you, the coach has to think about traps and all that other stuff, and I don't like to stay up late at night worrying about such things."

Dobbs's last sally had the Byliners choking on their dessert. "Defense," said the Tulsa heretic, disdaining football's standard gambit of singling out the hardnoses as Saturday's real heroes, "is something you play while the offensive players rest."

SORE JUDGES

At long last someone has laid the blame for the soring—or deliberate mutilation—of Tennessee Walking Horses where it partially belongs, on the judges. In a recent issue of *Horse Show*, the official publication of the American Horse Shows Association, H. Karl Yenser, chairman of the Walking Horse committee, spoke his mind in an open letter to the judges. "[Exhibitors] are getting tired of being the recipients of criticism which is constantly being leveled at them. In their opinion we, the judges, are doing more to perpetuate the 'sore horse' problem than anyone—and I agree! Far too few judges are judging in conformity to the rules. Overweight boots are overlooked. Raw or bleeding sores are condoned. . . . The card you hold as a Walking Horse judge . . . requires that you judge in accordance with

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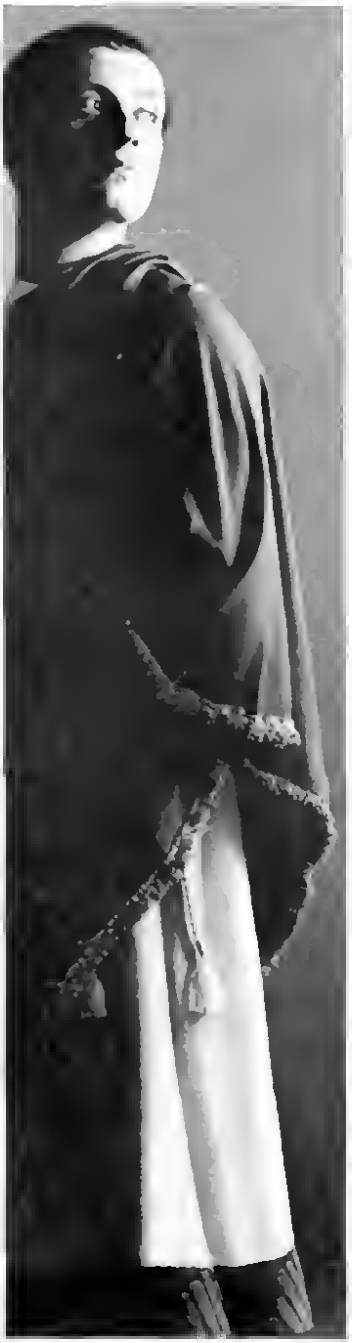

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the rules. If you won't abide by the rules —then turn in your card. . . . We don't need you and we don't want you."

We agree with Mr. Yenser. We hope he can convince the sore-horse crowd to change its practices. An even stronger deterrent is the current AHSA campaign of using veterinarians to inspect horses in the ring during a show. Vets at the Pennsylvania National in Harrisburg and the American Royal in Kansas City netted several offenders who are up for hearings in December.

CONFIRMED BACHELOR

Remember that Seattle fellow, Ted Griffin, with the obsession about killer whales? Remember that killer whale, Namu, with the fixation on people? Well, they're still getting along fine, but Griffin is a little worried: he thinks it's time for Namu to meet some nice whale girl.

Recently, matchmaker Griffin has been chasing killer whales all up and down the north Pacific coast, looking for the right girl. Helicopters, tranquilizer harpoons, fishing boats, double seine nets and all, Griffin's best attempts have been frustrated. One whale died apparently from an overdose (it's very hard to prescribe the proper dose of tranquilizer for a whale), several got away in fog (still, presumably, wearing orange-buoyed harpoons as stickpins), and one turned hysterical and thrashed herself to death in her pen. Finally, Griffin settled for a 2-year-old child bride. In front of hundreds of welcoming spectators and a dozen photographers, Namu took one look at his prospective mate, sniffed, and headed back toward shore and his human friends.

THEY SAID IT

• Blanton Collier, coach of the Cleveland Browns, commenting on an opinion that Jim Brown is a poor blocker: "Man o' War was a fabulous racehorse. Undoubtedly he could have pulled a plow, too, but his greater talent was running."

• Gene Tunney, on the decline of the manly art of boxing and the increase of hoodlums wielding knives: "A fellow with a knife is a namby-pamby, anyway. A man will get up and use his fists."

• Gail Goodrich, the little giant of the Los Angeles Lakers' backcourt, when asked if he could see around Wilt Chamberlain of the Philadelphia 76ers: "Man, I couldn't see past his knee pads." **END**

A great new camera takes the mumbo-jumbo out of fine photography!

(The new Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic solves exposure problems and ends exposure calculation forever.)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

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Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do . . . because it has a wealth of professional know-how *built right in*. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can press a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You *are* sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There *are* cameras, selling for up to $500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs $289.50 and is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 22, 1965

RABBIT HUNT IN VEGAS

That is what a blithely unconcerned Cassius Clay thinks Monday night's heavyweight championship fight will be. But his manager is uneasy and Floyd Patterson figures to do some shooting, too

by GILBERT ROGIN

Quodlibet, which is Latin for "as you please," was the term used by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages to designate the subtle questions of casuistry on which they flauoted their dialectical skill. "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?" is a *quodlibet*. "Whether a chimera ruminating in a vacuum devoureth second intentions" is a *quodlibet*. And so, perhaps, is "How can Floyd Patterson defeat Cassius Clay on November 22 in the Las Vegas Convention Center without a baseball bat and two rolls of quarters?"

But if, coincidentally, Clay (*see cover*), that marvelous, whimsical, overweening and—when he turns the volume down—charming young man, takes Patterson too lightly, and Patterson, who often seems enfeebled by one obscure punch or another, can again fight at the top of his memorable form, then Floyd could win it. It says here. Indeed. The first possibility is what has Angelo Dundee, who serves as Clay's manager, despairing in the long corridors of the El Morocco Motel, where, appropriately, Mohammad Ali, as Clay publicly insists on being called, and his largely Black Muslim retinue are encamped. "I can't dissect my guy's mind," Angelo says. "He may be taking the other guy cheap. The champ keeps asking me, 'You think I'm the greatest?' I tell him, 'Yes, only one guy can lick you—you.' Great fighters have a tendency to do it—to lick themselves. I've briefed and baptized him and rebaptized him and rebriefed him. Don't low-rate Mr. Patterson."

What's bugging Angelo is Clay's possibly frivolous assertion that the fight is going to go six or seven rounds, so that 1) there will be enough time to properly humiliate Patterson, 2) he can show the people how beautifully he can fight and 3) he can enjoy the movie. "I never look at the second Liston fight," Clay says. "It's only half a reel. There's nothing to see. I want something to holler and rejoice over."

These niceties are lost on Angelo. "Look, friend," he says, "if it goes 11 seconds, let it go 11 seconds. Liston's given me the key—a strong left hand. Left jab, hook off it, left uppercut. Right uppercut when Mr. Patterson lunges. My guy's going to surround him. Listen, my guy's got an uppercut, if he hit Mr. Patterson on the chinski with it, it's all cheroot. It's all over, Daddy."

The other morning Clay expounded on these and related subjects dear to him. He was lounging in bed at the El Morocco, braying into a pair of microphones that rested on his bare chest. His personal photographer, Howard Bingham, was asleep in the other bed. The man they call Cap'n Sam, who is the secular head of the Miami mosque and makes like Clay's bodyguard, sat attentively in a chair, as though he might be called upon to recite. "Witness this annihilation in your local theater," Clay was saying. "I'm the fastest in the torritory. In the torritery. In the *territory*." He then bum-bummed a few bars of the *Dead March* from *Saul*. He was cutting a tape for a radio spot on his stereo recorder. He played it back, and the voice faithfully issuing from the twin speakers must have made him feel warm all over. He smiled broadly and winked.

"I don't want the rabbit to make a quick million dollars," Clay said, commencing his exordium. Clay rarely converses. He communicates with his entourage in kind of click language. The rest of the time he harangues—great, fantastic, inflective, nonstop orations, on the order of Dr. Castro's. "I want to punish him. To cause him pain," Clay said. "You find out what a person don't like, then you give it to him. He don't like to be embarrassed, because he has so much pride, so I'm going to make him ashamed. He is going to suffer serious chastisement. The man picked the wrong time to start talking to the wrong man. When Floyd talks about me he puts himself on a universal spot. We don't consider the Muslims [Clay pronounces it Mooslims] have the title any more than the Baptists thought they had it when Joe Louis was champ. Does he think I'm going to be ignorant enough to attack his religion? I got so many Catholic friends of all races. And who's me to be an authority on the Catholic religion? Why should I act like a fool? He says he's going to bring the title back to America. I act like I belong to America more than he do. I represented it beautiful in Scotland. I never wink at a woman or go out of a hotel after dark. See, I'm no bogeyman, like they say. Why should I let one old Negro make a fool of me? Floyd would be smart to come out and make a

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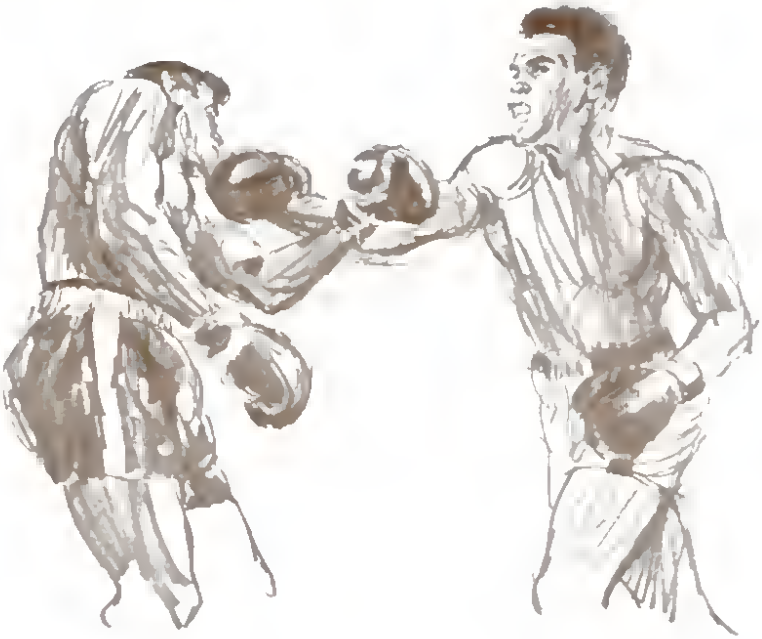


TWO TO DUMP FLOYD

Clay shows Artist Robert Handville two special punches he will use. At left is a chopping right that knocks down Floyd's jab and then lands on the chin. Below is an uppercut, which has just connected. It's over says Dundee, if it "hits on the chinski."

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

national apology. I've got an unseen power going for me. There'll be almost 4 billion Muslims praying for their brother in Islam. We've got sympathizers in his own camp. How is he going to buck all this? This little, old, dumb pork chop eater don't have a chance. From eating pork he's got trillions of maggots and worms settling in his joints. He may even eat slime of the sea.

"Every stone is a boost. Elijah Mohammad, who speaks directly to God, tells a parable from the Bible or someplace about a donkey lying in a ditch, and all the people who pass throw stones at it. Well, pretty soon the ditch is filled with stones, and the donkey walks out. Floyd's making me double strong. I can fight under pressure, too. When I've been knocked down, something makes me get up and fight. I'm not going to rush myself. This is going to be a beautiful fight. The people are going to see more of me. I'm going to show off, look pretty. I'm so elusive they ain't seen nothing yet. The ring's going to look like it got a gate on each corner. I got some new footwork called the chicken scratch."

Clay sprang, naked, out of bed and demonstrated the chicken scratch, which is a nifty, rapid, back-and-forth shuffle performed in place. Clay also claims he has a new weapon called the linger-on punch, the invention of which he attributes to Stepin Fetchit, a perplexing member of his retinue. Step allegedly dreamed up the anchor punch, too, which dropped on Sonny Liston in Lewiston, Me. Says Clay: "The linger-on punch is fired like the anchor punch, but it is a little slower. It don't knock him out. It dazes him. It keeps him numb. It's a push right hand. It's fast, but it's more of a push, and it has more twist. Before the first round is over, people will say, 'Forget it.' It's going to look like a father beating up on his son. I got superior height, weight, balance, reach, speed, strength and youth. I'm going to keep my distance, keep off him. Then bounce in on him. Two jabs. Bip, bip. Circle over here. Jab four times, hit him with a hook, back off. Walk in on him and grab him. Grab his little self and walk with him."

Clay told Cap'n Sam, who goes about 205, to stand up. Clay then clinched with him and manhandled him about the motel room. "You strong," said Cap'n Sam. "It takes a lot out of a man, straining like that," Clay said. "When he lets go, he's winded. You don't get that tired leaning on him. 'Oh, Rabbit, I just hit you seven times. Watch this jab, Rabbit. Bip, bip, bip. Don't get tired, Rabbit. If you fall down, I'm going to pick you up.' I'm going to make him punch, make him wrassle. A lot of times I'm going to let him punch me in the body. I can afford to let him tire himself out beating on my body. I'd be a fool to try to knock him out in one round. I might wear myself out. But Archie Moore told me, 'Don't go out and dance around.' Soon as the bell rings. . . . "Here, Sam, you be the Rabbit. Turn your back and bob up and down like he does. Bing. I'm in his corner before he's hardly off the stool, like I was in Lewiston, Me." Clay stalked across the carpet and, as Cap'n Sam turned, uncorked a right. "Wouldn't it crack the people up if I did the chicken scratch before I dropped him with a right lead?" Clay said. "Wouldn't that be pretty? Me in my white shoes. I'm going to point before I do it. Point at the spot where he's going to fall. That would be history, wouldn't it? But wouldn't it be hell if he read this and left town before the fight?

"When he's lying there, I'm going to stick a carrot in his mouth, a carrot with some green on it. 'Nibble on it, Rabbit,' I'll tell him. Don't you think that'll make him leave the country? I'm going to hit him so hard it'll jar his kinfolk in Africa. Before he fights me again, he'd rather run through hell in a gasoline sport coat. He'd rather shave a lion with a dull blade. He will be beat so bad, he will need a shoe horn to put his hat on. How many days did it take God to make the world? Six. He had his pleasures and his work for six days. Since Patterson loves boxing so, I'm going to give him pleasure for six rounds, which symbolizes six days. On the seventh, I'm going to give him his rest."

Clay climbed wearily back into bed and pulled the covers up to his chin. "Personally, I don't know him that good," he said, softly. He was starting his peroration. "I'm not mad at him. After the fight, it's over. As an individual, I have a degree of admiration for him. It's all an act. I've got to live the legend I am." He closed his eyes and fell fast asleep.

NO PLACE TO RUN TO

Because Clay maneuvers well, Patterson is working on an unusually open stance. From it he is in good position to move or punch to either side and in this way keep Clay close to him.

Up the Strip, in his *pied-à-terre* at the Thunderbird Hotel, is Patterson, the antihero. This is a guy with a screwy image. He speaks softly, so they say he's humble. He's got as much self-esteem as the next person, but he is preoccupied with the idea that people will get the wrong impression, so he prefaces his remarks with "I'm not boasting, but . . ." and "I'm not bragging, but. . . ." He wants to explain what he has found out, what he feels—which he can do with rare honesty and insight, but he is afraid it will sound like he's alibiing. He is, therefore, often reticent or oblique. He is also suspicious, possessed by imaginary slights, opinionated. His anxieties are frequently excessive or motiveless. For instance, he is convinced people do not like him when he loses. He thinks his current popularity is not because of any affection for himself but because he is the only one around with a chance of beating Clay. When he comes off it, he happens to be an extraordinarily worthwhile guy—funny, sharp, gracious and thoughtful. And it's 3 to 1 he will take this paragraph as a rap. As has been written of Saul Bellow's protagonists, he is burdened by a speculative quest. If he were a Jewish intellectual, what would there be to say?

"He's an intricate man," says Angelo Dundee. "He's a drowning man."

Patterson pretends to live at the Thunderbird, but it is obvious he sleeps elsewhere, secretly. Many of his workouts are held *in camera*, too, but even in the public sessions he cannot avoid things that he considers embarrassing—two weeks before the fight Mel Turnbow, a sparring partner, knocks him down with a right hand and earns $1,000. All Patterson's sparring partners have this offer. If they can floor the boss, they get $1,000. Says Buster Watson, who has succeeded the late Dan Florio as Patterson's trainer: "That'll teach him to back around. He's got to concentrate. It's expensive, but it has to be." Buster is one of the few realists in Patterson's camp and as such is an asset.

On the other hand, Clay's workouts at the Stardust are always open. At the end of each session he punches the light bag on the stage elevator. In the Stardust's Lido show the elevator supports a great glass flight of stairs upon which are arrayed a ton or so of nudes and a chariot drawn by a real horse galloping on a treadmill. Now, bathed in magenta spots, Clay ascends, punching without gloves, like General Booth going to heaven. Then he leaps off the elevator, clearing a table, crying, "I'm superman. Get a good look at him. I'm the king of the world." He lands, stumbling slightly, out of sight.

"It's better to make friends than build gates," Patterson has said.

In the room with Patterson one morning are Buster Watson; Floyd's pilot and P.R. man, Ted Hansen; Jerome, the second-youngest of the Patterson brothers; Ed Bunyon, who was a sparring partner for the first Johansson fight until he got hit in the eye and became a "walking partner"; Mickey Allan, who sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* when Patterson was champ; and Ernie Fowler, who has risen from chauffeur to assistant trainer. The last two are sleeping. "Sometimes when we talk," Patterson says, "we talk to hear ourselves. My confidence is within me. I'm sorry to say, but Clay impresses me as being rather young. It is difficult to take someone like that seriously. He's young and spoiled and going in every direction. In fact, he doesn't know what direction he's going in. Nobody knows who is going to win this fight. Clay couldn't convince me in a million years that he knows. There's always a degree of doubt. In all my professional fights and at all the weigh-ins I've never looked one of my opponents in the eye. I always look at their chests. But I've looked at Clay eye-to-eye for a second or two. It was just accidental. I never looked at him long. Such accidents are sometimes inevitable. But each time I looked I detected a weakness, a front. He really doesn't believe what he's saying.

"I'm going to go into the ring with every intention of walking out the winner. I know how I'm going to enter the ring. How I'm going to leave the ring, I don't know. I'm going to win because I'm better, if I'm better. If I am beaten it will be because I am in with a better man than I am. I'm not bragging, I've always been good, but these last five fights [counting from the time he last lost to Liston, Patterson has won five in a row] have restored my confidence. I don't know if I'm the same fighter I was. I know I notice more nowadays. I haven't stopped to find out if I've gotten older, if I can't do the things I once did. If I did I wouldn't accept it. A fighter never admits to age.

"When the bell rings, my No. 1 drive will be to partially repay a debt I owe to boxing. Who is to say what I would actually be if it wasn't for boxing. A laborer? A truck driver? A bum? Surely, I had convict tendencies. My No. 2 drive is to achieve a degree of vindication, although when I look at my record, the ridicule I receive is ridiculous. My No. 3 drive is to win the championship back for America.

"When the bell rang for the first Liston fight, I was, as I have explained in the past, already knocked out. When the bell rang for the second Liston fight, I had to prove to myself that I was just as strong as he was. Why should I back up? He showed me why. I don't know what I'll do against Clay. You can go after a man and get him. You can go after a man and he gets you. I do know that everything I do will be more reflex and instinct than thought out. Sit at ringside. When the bell rings, I'll yell it down to you."

Although the odds on the fight went from 14 to 5 to 3 to 1 following Patterson's untimely knockdown by Turnbow, they are still an underlay. Says Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, who is, in a way, the oddsmaker emeritus of Las Vegas and who made one of his earlier fortunes tapping out on Joe Louis: "My own personal opinion is that Clay will kick the daylights out of him and the odds should be at least 10 to 1. The fact that Patterson represents the majority of Negroes and that he has done nothing to discredit himself (except he can't fight) is causing a lot of people to make small speculations on him. On the other hand, we have a champion who belongs to a minority group that is not too popular. This normally would mean nothing to an individual who is ready to make a big bet, but sentiment is running away with them and, though they think that Clay will win, they refrain from betting on him in the hope that St. George will slay the dragon with his right-hand spear."

No matter what the proper odds might be, however, it would be imprudent totally to discount Patterson's chances, for there are sound reasons why he could upset Clay or at least make a fight of it. Clay is essentially a long-range fighter. This is a natural consequence of his physique, his inclination and his remarkable quickness. He does not fight inside, and, unlike Liston, he does not care to pound a man in the clinches. This automatically improves

continued

Patterson's chances. Of course, Johansson, who was himself disinclined to close with his man, had one notable success against Floyd. Operating from afar, Clay can control a fight. He moves and punches at will as he sets up his victim for the eventual knockout. He does not like to be pressed, however, since then control passes over to his opponent. When this occurs, he is basically on the defensive and cannot exploit his undeniably superior skills and gifts. A good example of this is the Doug Jones fight. One of the smallest and most mobile of Clay's adversaries, Jones kept slipping Clay's jab and punching in close. He did this to special advantage early on but failed to keep it up and lost a fairly close decision. This, too, is Patterson's style, since he, like Jones, is basically too small to fight most heavyweights from outside. Discounting chins, Patterson is a better fighter than Jones. He hits harder. His leap, which is often scorned but has nonetheless proved effective, will enable him to get at Clay. He has greater speed than Jones, particularly with his hands, and he has a naturally aggressive style.

Clay's device of pulling away from punches was a perfect defense against Liston, who could never quite reach Clay's chin with his great, vicious swipes, but Patterson, leaping, can land on the mark, and with impact. It's a risky maneuver, but none of Patterson's opponents have been able to offset it. It should be even safer against Clay, since his lordotic posture makes it difficult for him to counter. Also, because Clay's jabs must be angled down at the shorter Patterson, Floyd will have an opening high on the left side of Clay's neck and head—a situation both camps are well aware of. However, the main thing Patterson must do is press, and press from the bell. As Angelo Dundee says: "In boxing you cannot start in low gear and get to high gear. You've got to start in high." Alas, Patterson has a history of being a notoriously slow starter, and if this holds for the Clay fight, forget it. Pressing is important for yet another reason. According to Archie Moore, Clay does not breathe properly. He breathes shallowly, like a dog, not from the diaphragm, the way a singer does. If true, this could explain why he has to rest from time to time. Against Liston in Miami Beach, Clay trained and fought in a pattern in which he ran a round and rested a round. Jones never gave him a chance to rest in the early rounds of their fight—which could be why Clay looked so inartistic.

In both the Patterson-Liston fights and the Clay-Liston fights, the importance of comparative styles was overlooked. In reviewing these fights it is now apparent that Patterson's style was exactly the one Liston would do best against, and, in turn, Clay would do best against Liston's. Says Cus D'Amato: "As in a war, it is often the tactical approach that decides the battles. That is why a smaller, inferior force may beat a superior one, as Rommel did in Africa to the British. In this battle Patterson has the style to beat Clay." D'Amato believes the keys are the lead, the assertive two-handed punching, the double hooks, the peekaboo guard, which permits Patterson to fire punches and protect his head almost simultaneously and, perhaps most significantly, the position of Patterson's feet and body.

"Floyd must get inside and rattle off his combinations against Clay's head and body," says D'Amato. "Clay has never fought anyone with Floyd's ability to put punches together—true combinations—and against this kind of pressure he will find it difficult to defend with his hands down." The advantage of the nearly frontal stance, in which the feet are opposed and the hands held high on either side of the head, is that it is an excellent way to cut down the mobility of a fighter like Clay, who tends to move from side to side. This was Liston's major shortcoming against Clay. He was never in position to punch, since his left foot was planted so far in advance of his right. When Clay moved laterally Liston either had to replant his lead foot or, as often happened in his anxiety to reach Clay, he wound up with his legs crossed and totally off balance.

Furthermore, since Clay will be punching down on the crouching Patterson, he will be exposing his jaw to a sneak right hand. This may well be Patterson's biggest punch in the fight. "Patterson likes to lie there in the clinch doing nothing," says Charlie Powell, who has the distinction of losing to both Floyd and Sonny. "That's when you relax, and that's his signal to start ripping off punches, especially that overhand right." Dundee calls this the possum punch, because Patterson plays possum, sagging almost lifelessly in the clinches, before throwing it. "It is the only way he can win," says Angelo. "Patterson must throw straight right hands to the body whenever Clay touches the ropes," says Powell. "Clay invariably leans back and then tries to body slip, but he is, in the first instance, vulnerable to the right hand to the head—he is looking for the left hook."

This combination worries Clay's manager. It starts with a body attack, bars a right.

Just how well Patterson will fare depends on his motivation. Perhaps unfortunately, he no longer seems to fight for some kind of ego satisfaction but rather for dubious, obscure causes. He always fought best when fighting was purely a personal expression. "He was superb," says Tommy Loughran, the old light heavyweight champion, who was once close to Patterson. "He was the nearest thing to Dempsey. So lithe, so supple, and he punched with such power. All of that coupled with ferocity. I thought he could not miss being one of the greatest heavyweights of all time. Then something happened. He became a deliberate puncher, and his body thickened under all that unneeded muscle and weight."

The period when Loughran was impressed with Patterson was near the beginning of Floyd's career. This was when fighting was apparently a release for the frustations of an emotionally disturbed youngster, a way of proving himself, of becoming somebody. In these days he fought with a verve, an irrepressible surge, as though innumerable punches were forcing themselves through his arms. But, according to D'Amato, after he defeated Roy Harris Patterson was

HIDDEN HOPES FOR A SNEAKY RIGHT

Floyd's left is then followed by a sudden right to the head, delivered without looking

told by Dan Florio that he must husband his punches, that a champion should show artistry and reasoned skills. Florio made a mistake. Patterson's indomitable rushes were his essence. He kept his opponents so busy defending themselves that they were rarely able to mount a counteroffensive. In truth, Patterson's overwhelming offense was his defense. When he became a more painstaking fighter he had need of defensive skills that he had never developed.

Since the Harris fight the only occasion on which Patterson returned to his original style was in the second Johansson fight. "I hated him," Floyd said. "It got so when I looked at the meat on my plate, I saw his face gazing up at me. Still, with all my anger I had poise. But it's wrong. A fighter must be a killer? If winning means inflicting a degree of danger, injuring an eye or something, then I don't want to win."

Although Patterson seems to be tolerant of, or bemused by Clay, his camp doesn't buy it. Patterson steams when Clay touches him, as he did the other day in an unscheduled confrontation at The Mint, in downtown Las Vegas. "Come here, sucker," said Clay. "Yes, you, chump. I've got something for you." While the two entourages glared at each other, Clay touched Patterson. Patterson brushed aside his hands and said, in his quiet way, "I've got something for you, too, baby."

But to what avail? Clay is convinced that he is indestructible, because Allah is looking out for him. As a boxer he has a great thing going for him with the Allah routine. Now he has confidence on top of everything else. There is no better example than the second Liston fight. Against all the prefight strategy, Clay ran out at the bell and landed a good right on Liston and then proceeded to do virtually nothing until seconds before the knockout. In the interim he allowed Liston to punch him. It grieved Dundee, but he has learned to put up with it. Clay is truly something else. Besides being a genius in his chosen craft or art, he has a mind of his own, has never readily adapted to instruction and is endlessly tinkering and perfecting. For instance, he conditions his body by letting his sparring partners beat it. This unusual kind of masochism is actually in step with advance thinking on the subject by medical authorities. Dr. Peter Karpovich, the eminent physiologist, has said: "The best way to develop muscle is to do the particular thing you want to use it for."

Clay has been boxing since he was 12, and the things he now does no longer have any roots in intellection. "Isn't nature wonderful," he said once, in a glen in Massachusetts. "What makes moss grow on one side of a tree and not the other? Why do birds fly south and then north in the spring, and why do fish swim upstream to lay eggs? Nature is a mysterious thing. It is just like me. Sometimes I wonder when a big fist comes crashing by and at the last moment I just move my head the smallest bit and the punch comes so close I can feel the wind, but it misses me. How do I know at the last minute to move just enough? How do I know which way to move?"

And the things he does are too numerous to be cataloged. Take the fifth round of the first Liston fight, when, blinded by a caustic solution, Clay kept Liston at bay and broke his concentration just by touching him on the forehead with his left. Or, as Dundee says, marveling, "He'll even miss you on purpose." In addition, he has this absolute preoccupation with boxing, with his body, with himself. Unlike Patterson, he can tune everything else out. Only one topic takes precedence—his absorption with the Muslims. "If Elijah asked me to quit boxing today, I would do so," he has said.

"I got a feeling I was born for a purpose," Clay explained the other night. He was being driven to Larry's Music Bar in the Negro district of Las Vegas, wearing a pink sport coat that glowed spectrally in the dark interior of the car. Clay himself was nearly invisible. (Earlier, Patterson, walking by the parking lot, had seen him. "Actually, all we saw was a pink sport coat," he said later. "We knew who it was.") "I don't know what I'm here for," Clay went on. "I just feel abnormal, a different kind of man. I don't know why I was born. I'm just here. A young man rumbling. I've always had that feeling since I was a little boy. Perhaps I was born to fulfill Biblical prophecies. I just feel I may be part of something—divine things. Everything seems strange to me." **END**

THE FURIOUS FUN BELOW DECKS

Baltimore and Cleveland seemed safe topside in the NFL's divisional races, but in the hold some of the best fights in football were raging, as the 49ers and the Lions showed in a thriller in Tiger Stadium **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

With Jimmy Brown in high gear for Cleveland, and the Baltimore Colts apparently—if illogically—able to function as well with Johnny Unitas on the bench as with Johnny Unitas in the game, the two divisional leaders in the National Football League are close to home. The Cardinals, once the team to beat in the East, have lost their cool and along with it three games in the last four weeks. The Packers, in that same period, have lost something just as important: the ability to score touchdowns. In dropping two of their last four games they have moved the ball across the goal line only three times, and, although they are still only a game out of first place, the Packers are hanging by their fingernails. Last Sunday they needed two field goals to claw past the lowly Rams 6-3.

This doesn't mean that the NFL, a league long dedicated to fratricide, is not going to have a lot of fun in the next five weeks but simply that most of the fun will occur slightly below the upper level. Now the battle is among St. Louis, New York and Dallas, perhaps even Washington and Philadelphia, for second place in the East, and among Detroit, Minnesota, Chicago and San Francisco to see which, if any, can overtake the Packers in the West.

Two of the more interesting Western also-rans got together last Sunday in Detroit, where the Lions who have come a lot further than almost anyone thought they would in the beginning—tried out what San Francisco is confidently calling its team of the future, the high-scoring, uninhibited 49ers. Only the errors of youth have kept the 49ers out of the top two or three. That thought is a comfort to their coach, Jack Christiansen, who needed all the comfort he could get after his team lost four games by a total of 17 points.

Last Sunday nearly provided another frustration. With their fine set of running backs and receivers and with John Brodie having his best year at quarterback, the 49ers led the league in offense but somehow had managed to lose games with basketball scores.

The Lions had no such problem. Their offense ranged from mediocre to pathetic. It was their defense that had won for them. In their three straight losses earlier in the season the Lions' defense collapsed, but in the next two games, against Los Angeles and Green Bay, the defense recovered, and Detroit won them both.

The trouble during the losing period was at left corner back. Bobby Thompson, the regular, was hurt, and his replacement, Jimmy Hill, joined him with a groin injury. The Lions tried a rookie, who was picked on, so they reactivated Night Train Lane. Passes still flew into that area with bewildering rapidity. Coach Harry Gilmer then pulled Veteran Bruce Maher out of his safety position and placed him at the corner. The problem seemed to be solved.

There was hardly anyplace else the Lions could be attacked. They have a tradition of solid defense. The current one is based largely on the play of Defensive Tackles Roger Brown and Alex Karras and Linebackers Joe Schmidt and Wayne Walker. To run against the Lions, most teams use traps and influence blocking, but Karras, Brown and Defensive Ends Sam Williams and Darris McCord have the experience to sniff out traps and not be fooled. So the opposition resorts to the pass, and into action rushes the Lions' front four, often with blitzing help from a linebacker or two, and that idea goes back to the drawing board. The most successful moves against the Lions are the play-action passes that start out looking like runs.

On offense, though, the Lions have not been a really consistent threat in years. They have not had a top quarterback since Tobin Rote. For a while they got along with Milt Plum and Earl Morrall, but Gilmer decided having two quarterbacks of equal ability was worse than having one, since each developed his own following on the team. Plum had had some good seasons with Cleveland, and the Lions hoped he could

Barging in on 49er Quarterback John Brodie, Darris McCord (78) leads Detroit pass rush. Continuous pressure failed to shake Brodie.

duplicate them in Detroit—so Morrall was traded to New York. When Terry Barr, Gail Cogdill, Pat Studstill, Ron Kramer and Jim Gibbons are healthy the Lions are as well off for pass receivers as almost anybody, but they have not had the outstanding running backs necessary to make a passing offense work.

Trying to find one, Gilmer traded for a man who had become a legend in Dallas. He got Amos Marsh. In 1962 Marsh rushed for 802 yards and seemed on the verge of a brilliant career. Instead, he became a symbol of the Cowboys' frustration. Whenever he fumbled or dropped a pass, there was a joke about it. One gag was that when Amos was traded to Detroit, he dropped his plane ticket. Upon arriving in Detroit Marsh promptly scored two touchdowns, including one on a long pass in the final seconds to beat Minnesota. Coming from the bench, he had called the pass play wrong to Plum and had one of his numbers sewed on wrong, but he caught the ball anyhow. On his road jersey Amos is No 1E rather than 31. "It would have been 13 if they had put the 3 on straight," he says. "But I don't care. I quit reading the papers when I was in Dallas. I was glad to get out of there and come to Detroit where I'm wanted."

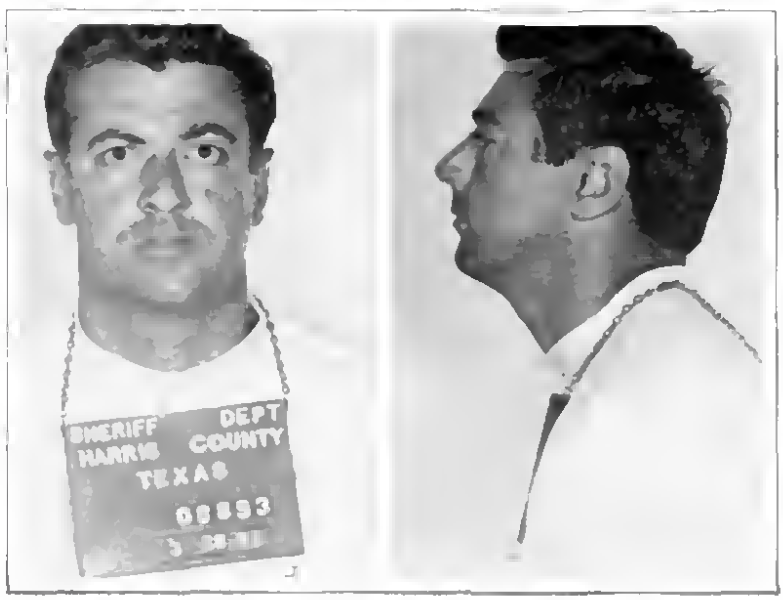
Marsh started at fullback last Sunday ahead of veteran Nick Pietrosante, and later—with Joe Don Looney out because of headaches he began to have after being clotheslined against Green Bay—worked in the same backfield with Pietrosante. They were fairly effective in the second half but hardly the equals of the 49ers' Ken Willard and John David Crow. With those two breaking tackles as few backs ever do against Detroit and with one fumble run in for a touchdown, the 49ers led 20–0 at half time. Watching Brodie throwing to Dave Parks, Bernie Casey and Monty Stickles did not go down well with Detroit's sell-out crowd of 54,534.

But in the third quarter Marsh scored on a cutback at right tackle, and the Detroit defense began to change the flow of the game. On the second play of the fourth quarter Plum passed 22 yards to Studstill for a touchdown. An interception and twisting return by Maher and a 17-yard run by Marsh helped take Detroit down to the San Francisco 10 with the Lions trailing 14–20. Plum rolled out, seemed confused, was hit, fumbled, and San Francisco Defensive End Clark Miller picked up the ball and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Detroit returned to score on a plunge by Pietrosante, and then Dick Lebeau's interception helped the Lions down to the 49ers' 13 with a minute and 38 seconds left to play. Behind by six, Detroit was in position to pull it out, and Christiansen began remembering the four games he had lost so narrowly. Plum, however, threw two incompletions and the 49ers survived.

"With our young guys, we've lacked the really big plays," said 49er Linebacker Mike Dowdle. "But they made them today and they're learning. This is going to be a great team." Baltimore and Green Bay, please note. END

CASE OF THE TOO HOT GOLFER

Iowa amateur Floren DiPaglia, who never before had such a tournament-winning year, turned out to be a loser with the USGA, and certain unpleasantness in Texas and North Carolina came to light **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



In Houston a rancher charged that his life was threatened, in Charlotte the police asked the men in the Cadillac who were visiting the country club to come over to the station, and in Iowa the state's best amateur golfer was suddenly not an amateur anymore. The ever-fascinating problem of golf gambling was in the news again.

The principal in the latest case was Floren DiPaglia, a 39-year-old aluminum-siding executive from Des Moines who plays golf almost well enough to be a touring pro and bets so high that the pros say they cannot handle him anymore. After a careful investigation the United States Golf Association has stripped DiPaglia of his amateur status for "conduct detrimental to golf."

The USGA never spells it out, but in the past "conduct detrimental" has, in one way or another, usually had something to do with gambling. The cases are not infrequent, and even champions have been involved. In 1958 Junie Buxbaum, who had won the National Amateur Public Links title two summers before, was barred from further amateur competition because he had traveled around hustling high-stakes golf games under an assumed name. The case of a DiPaglia or a Buxbaum is noteworthy only because these are exceptionally talented golfers. The USGA's confidential files are filled with similar histories affecting duffers and par shooters alike.

DiPaglia is no newcomer to notoriety, or to trouble. On December 27, 1953 he was arrested in Des Moines after Ben Bumhry, a Drake University basketball player, told police DiPaglia had offered him $300 to $500 to shave points in a game against Iowa State. DiPaglia was sentenced to 10 years, but a series of appeals ended with the charge against him being changed to a misdemeanor. He was sentenced to jail for five months and

Des Moines' DiPaglia kisses his putter (top) after a big win. Below he is shown as he posed last March at a Texas sheriff's office.

was fined $1,000. In 1954 DiPaglia found himself before a Senate committee investigating the Federal Housing Administration scandals, where he testified that in 1950 he and his brother had grossed $100,000 in commissions while selling aluminum siding. Subsequently DiPaglia and his family formed their own siding company, which was most successful, almost as successful as Floren's golf game. In 1961 DiPaglia won the Des Moines city championship, and his financial situation was such that he could travel around the country to play golf and gamble with the top pros on the PGA tour. He soon had a reputation as an excellent player—and a hothead. He was also earning a reputation with various police departments. The FBI report on his police record shows he was picked up for investigation in Oklahoma City, Houston, Port Arthur, Texas, Chicago and Shreveport, La. between 1955 and 1961, but only in Shreveport was he actually charged with anything—he was convicted and fined $50 for "failing to register trade name."

It was not until this year, however, that DiPaglia reached the peak of his abilities. His golf was excellent. He won the Iowa Masters tournament and the regionally prestigious Herman Sani Open, and he tied for first in the Iowa Open before losing in a sudden-death playoff. He seemed the hottest candidate for Iowa Golfer of the Year, an award won on a strict stroke system based on performance in certain major state tournaments. But he had involved himself in other things as well.

Last winter DiPaglia went to Houston, rented a $35-a-day cottage on the Champions golf course and immediately started playing golf. On one occasion, club members say, he played against the best-ball of three 85-to-90 shooters at Champions while agreeing to hit all 18 of his tee shots with a Dixie Cup placed over the ball. He lost his bet, but only because he could not control his iron shots to the par-3 holes.

During January, according to charges later made to Houston police, DiPaglia also played a high-stakes round at the Champions club with C. E. Boyd Jr., a husky oilman and rancher who lived with his wife and two children in a $50,000 brick house adjoining one of the club's two courses. Boyd, an 11-handicapper, told police that he won $1,400 from DiPaglia, who paid up by peeling $100 bills off a roll he carried in his pocket.

Subsequently, police were told, DiPaglia left town "to get more money," and returned. He was joined by an associate, Gasper Fazio. In February, DiPaglia's luck changed, and he won a total of $6,500 from Boyd. The latter paid off DiPaglia with checks, but then had second thoughts and asked DiPaglia to hold the checks. According to Boyd,

—continued

Joe Dey, whose keenest desire is to keep golf above reproach, speaks for the USGA, which took DiPaglia's amateur standing away.

Fazio later saw Boyd in Sweetwater, Texas and asked about getting the payment in hard currency. Boyd gave him $4,000 in cash but covered the balance with two more checks. This started an argument, which resulted in Boyd tearing up the checks and stating that as far as he was concerned the gambling debt was paid.

This was hardly satisfactory to Floren DiPaglia. Later, while Boyd and his wife were on another trip to Sweetwater, DiPaglia traced him to a motel and telephoned to demand payment. DiPaglia sounded like such a "raving maniac," Boyd said in his complaint to police, that he put his ranch foreman, Buster Welch, on the telephone to reason with DiPaglia and then "in a very loud tone of voice DiPaglia told Mr. Welch that he was going to kill Mr. Boyd's daughter, his son, his . . . wife . . . [and] Mr. Boyd, but he was going to save him for the very last and was going to use a shotgun to kill them with." The same day that Boyd's foreman was receiving this forthright policy statement, Boyd's Houston home, the rear of which adjoins a Champions green, was broken into. Police found that "unknown person had removed Mrs. Boyd's clothing from the closets in her bedroom and threw them on the bedroom floor and tore a mink stole into several pieces and left it on the said floor." Unknown person had also removed a lot of papers from a desk and torn them up, stomped on a clock radio and thrown ground meat onto the kitchen floor. Police have not discovered who was responsible.

Following the report to police on the threat, DiPaglia was arrested in Cabin No. 3 at Champions. DiPaglia admitted he had phoned Boyd, said he had no idea who entered Boyd's house and told police he was going to leave Houston and forget the debt. Three weeks later Boyd dropped his charges against DiPaglia. He will not say why.

Meanwhile, other information about DiPaglia was coming to light, this time from Charlotte, N.C., which he visited in 1964. The pro at one course he went to spotted DiPaglia's Cadillac with its blue-and-white Iowa license plates and was suspicious. "He didn't get much action here," the pro says. "Everybody was scared of him." However, DiPaglia played several times with the city's best amateurs. He also attracted the attention of the police. "Word got back to the police station that there was a lot of golf gambling going on and the stakes were getting high," says Detective Captain William A. McCall. "DiPaglia had another man with him. We asked them to come to the station, and I told them that I heard they were engaging in high-stakes gambling here. I didn't run them out of town. I just told them to stop or they were going to get into trouble. They left town."

This seems simple enough, but Houston Rancher Boyd and a touring pro put the DiPaglia case into final perspective, and in so doing they show how complex the golf gambling issue really is.

"DiPaglia actually has a lot of sporting blood in him," says Boyd. "He won't try to win the match on the first tee with an inequitable stroke allowance. He'll always arrange an agreeable match, taking into consideration his opponent's handicap and his own skill." Boyd says DiPaglia has a remarkable mind. After just a few cards have fallen in a gin rummy game he seems to know exactly what everyone is holding. On the golf course, Boyd says, he will make individual bets with everyone in his own foursome as well as the foursome just in front, and keep track of all the bets in his head.

"I was prepared to testify for him at his amateur-status hearing before the USGA," says one of the pro tour's outstanding players. "Floren likes to play for a lot; in fact, he's out of our class. But when it comes to golf he's honest as the day is long. To tell you the truth, I'd put him down as a real sucker. I've never heard of him coming out ahead on a big bet. He gives away too many strokes just to get a game, just to get some action."

At one time, it is said, DiPaglia put out feelers in an attempt to get a PGA Approved Player Card but was discouraged from going any further because of his criminal record. Apparently he has the skills to have made at least a modest success of the pro tour.

"He's a great chipper and a superputter," says the pro who was willing to give him a character reference. "He's not too long off the tee, but he's good and straight. What he has most of, however, is great courage under pressure. I personally think he got a raw deal from the USGA. What's the difference whether a man bets $5 or $5,000, if he can afford it? Floren's got eight or 10 salesmen working for him who must make $25,000 a year or so themselves. Sure, he may have done some wrong things in the past, but I think the only thing wrong with him now is that he's a sick guy when it comes to gambling."

This, when you reflect on it, is exactly why the USGA, as the governing body of amateur golf, watches golf gambling with such concern. It can be a sickness, both for the individual and the sport. Gambling has become an intrinsic part of the game. Golf is among the very last endeavors of man in which he is willing and has the opportunity to gamble, head to head, do or don't, I betcha, on his own physical achievement. (When was the last time you stood beside a tennis court and heard anything like, "O.K., $5 a set, dollar on aces, dollar on tapees, press at the end of five games and bingo, bango, bungo"?) Hardly a foursome gets off a first tee without either some kind of wagering or else an embarrassed pause during which nobody brings the subject

continued

Famed Fat Man, Marty Stanovich, is said to be partly retired because he is overly known.

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up. Predictably, the gambling can and does get out of hand. Examples: the infamous Calcutta pools; the thousands of dollars being lost to golfers playing with fake handicaps or under phony names; the storied hustlers with the awful swings who are so good they could play with a rake and beat you 4 up; the case of the U.S. Open champion who reportedly, while still an amateur, played a match in which his backers dropped $150,000. The USGA has for 10 years been attempting to police this aspect of the sport, and it has had considerable success.

Joseph C. Dey Jr., executive director of the USGA and the man whose policies have shaped its attitude on gambling, says, "Our executive committee does not handle a large number of serious cases, not even one a week. And no case is typical. We look at each one on its own merits. There is certainly no set number of dollars at which a bet becomes a violation of amateur status. The amount involved means nothing in itself. Ten dollars may be a lot to you or me, but what is $50,000 to a multimillionaire? Motivation and effect are what concern us. Is the activity bad for the game? Is the golfer using the game for something other than just the joy of playing?" In short, you can gamble, but don't try to make a career of it. Beyond that the USGA will say nothing about gambling. Least of all will it tell who is doing the big gambling today, or where the action is.

However, a survey of clubs across the country turns up some intriguing specifics, and two opposing trends: 1) everybody is gambling on golf, but the amount involved in the larger club bets is less than it was 10 years ago, and 2) the big-time hustler has been replaced by the man who cares not whether he wins or loses but how much he played the game for.

In general, the club golfer is now betting more money in his country club's card room than he is on the golf course. "The modest bet out on the course is usually just an introduction to something wilder at the gin table," says a touring pro. And a club pro says, "The man who thinks a $2 Nassau at golf is plenty high will play gin for 3¢ a point, four games across, etc., etc., and wind up winning or losing $1,000." In Los Angeles the police department says flatly, "Heavy action just doesn't exist."

The Normandie Golf Club in St. Louis was once considered the hottest spot west of the Mississippi. It was there that a baseball pitcher was said to sometimes drop $1,500 in a single round and a famed pro, using only a five-iron, would cure a man's gambling habit with a fast $500 lesson. Old members recall it fondly, but those days are gone. The current Normandie pro, Frank Keller, now reports: "We've got the most conservative place in the country."

Keller's observations reflect those from many parts of the U.S. where $1,000 bets were once a common part of the golfing scene: the West Coast, Phoenix, Chicago, the Carolinas, Texas, etc. Every area still has a few regular $100 Nassau games, but they are generally restricted to tightly knit and prosperous groups. Debts are settled up only periodically and tend to even out in a year, a trend that pleases the USGA.

This does not mean, however, that golfers with a yen to have $1,000 riding on a wedge shot are extinct. There are plenty of them, and their USGA dossiers grow large. There is especially heavy betting in three areas—Palm Springs, Las Vegas and Miami—but in each case it is essentially in-group wagering. The Palm Springs set is mostly Hollywood and especially Rat Pack, and if a star drops a grand or two a day it is just Monopoly money anyway.

The Vegas group is mainly casino bosses and dealers and has its own distinctive flavor. One pro (gambler) who is a golf fanatic recently backed an ex-touring pro (golfer) in a round against par 72 at the Dunes' Emerald Green Country Club. He reportedly lost $12,000 when the golfer finished bogey, double bogey, bogey to miss 72 by a stroke. A Strip casino dealer won a wedding chapel from a "Marrying Sam" preacher and earlier took a French poodle as payoff for an $8,000 golf bet. The same preacher who lost his chapel lost $1,200 to a hotel-nightclub captain, a debt that was settled when they traded the preacher's new Cadillac for the captain's old one.

In Miami the hot gambling is being done by vacationing hoodlums from the Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago crime syndicates. (*The Miami Herald* is running a series of personality sketches on such visitors entitled *Know Your Neighbor*. Perhaps *Know Your Foursome* is advisable, too.) Florida law-enforcement agencies say the hoods play for as much as $1,000 a hole, with key putts worth $15,000 or more. Side bets will range to $500 for the longest drive or for hitting the green on a par-3. One of those in the game is Jack Cerone, onetime bodyguard for Tony Accardo. Lieut. Larry Feingold of the Dade County sheriff's office recently asked Cerone why he comes to Miami. "Just to play a little golf," Cerone said. The hoodlums see their share of Miami private clubs, but their big games are reportedly held on two public courses, Miami Beach's Bayshore and Normandy Shores, where unwanted supervision is less likely.

But the true hustling days are over here, too. "I can remember when Bayshore used to be like a circus," says Woody Laughinghouse, manager of a Miami public course. "The golfers would be playing $500 a hole, and guys would be following them in carts making even bigger bets. It's not like it used to be."

Miami Springs Country Club, a municipal course, was once the headquarters for the famous Fat Man, Martin Stanovich, whose large belly and old lady's swing was a familiar sight from coast to coast. Stanovich is a member of Riverwoods Country Club in Chicago, where the membership list includes some of the same types that play in Bayshore's big games. He is less active now, and the word in places like Boston and Cleveland and Los Angeles is that The Fat Man got his hands homogenized by the Chicago syndicate for somehow letting them down. "This is not true," says a close friend of Stanovich. "They didn't touch his hands." Stanovich was last seen headed south once again, but hardly to pull a surprise hustle on some unsuspecting pigeon, if for no other reason than that everybody knows him too well.

Thus the colorful age of the hustler seems to be passing into golfing history, and the hustler himself is being replaced by characters who—win, lose or draw—want action.

One is left with the words of Brigadier Eric Brickman, D.S.O., secretary of Great Britain's Royal and Ancient. Asked last week about hustlers in England, he said: "I have never heard the word used in association with golf. We have never heard of golfers here tricking their fellows by playing off false handicaps for vast sums of money. Are there cads about who could behave so despicably?" Well, there used to be. END

WORRYING IS THE WAY TO WIN

If, that is, you have a temperament like the Montreal Canadiens' Toe Blake, who broods when his championship hockey teams fall behind and who really sweats when they start to go ahead ***by MARK KRAM***

Watch him at a hockey game and then compassionately slip him a straight razor. It seems the only kind thing to do as Hector (Toe) Blake, coach of the Montreal Canadiens, spends an evening in his small, rectangular cell at rinkside, in the shadows of a larger, more perceptible hell inside himself. During the game Blake's teeth, like jackhammers, forever blast into a chunk of gum and at times, it appears, his lower lip. His head rolls like a cue ball with English on it, and his voice—constantly discharging epithets—is that of a foreman in a stamping mill. High-voltage moments send him bolting up and down in a jagged line but, when confronted with obvious defeat or victory or excruciating blunder, he somnambulantly stumbles about in tight little circles. Right now the thing most troubling Toe Blake, the Captain Bligh of the National Hockey League and everybody's candidate for a long vacation in a nice, quiet country place with high walls around it, is the fact that the experts have once again picked his team to finish in first place.

A Canadien game is always, quite simply, the third day at Gettysburg for Blake. Think of hockey in any other way and you had better deal around him. The long run with Blake toward success is never a tranquil trip. He is, true, avuncular at times, but more frequently he is despotic or desperate—a human fusillade of stinging ridicule and penetrating anger. "It's the way I am," says Blake. "It's the only way I know how to get there."

Since 1955, when he succeeded the Habs' highly obstreperous and successful coach, Dick Irvin, Blake has flogged both his opposition and his players. He has given the Canadiens 385 victories, 187 defeats and 128 ties in the

regular-season schedule, seven league titles and six Stanley Cup championships, five of them consecutive. His most recent cup victory—the first in four years—came last season, to the bewilderment of every expert in hockey and the embarrassment of all those who have persisted in portraying Blake as just a caretaker coach.

From time to time last year it seemed that Blake was doomed to defeat. The Canadiens went into the playoffs with no Rocket Richard or Boom Boom Geoffrion or Bert Olmstead or Jacques Plante to make things easy. Of course, Jean Beliveau, their brilliant and adroit center for so many years, was still there, but Jean had been brilliantly maladroit and ineffectual (for Beliveau) most of the season. Henri Richard, The Rocket's brother, was out six weeks with an injury. The goaltending, perennially Montreal's reliable hole card, had been excessively generous to the opposition. Despite all this, Blake made a good run at the regular-season title, but still no one was giving the Canadiens much of a chance in the playoffs. Their fine defenseman, Jacques Laperriere, and Gilles Tremblay, their good-scoring left winger, were out with injuries.

Nevertheless, at cup time, sparked by a suddenly rejuvenated Beliveau, the Canadiens handled Toronto in six games in the first round. In the finals against Chicago the lackluster goalies, juggled from game to game on the basis of Blake's whims and figures, began to deliver. Tremblay came back, and Blake extracted solid performances from him and Dick Duff, a former Ranger conspicuous only for his ineptness. The formidable Bobby Hull was stopped by sacrificing the scoring potential of Claude Provost, who—continually prodded by Blake—shadowed Hull throughout the series and followed him everywhere but to the Chicago bench. It made all the difference. Hull scored only two goals. The longest and deepest drink from the Stanley Cup belonged to Blake.

As a result of this, Blake and his Canadiens are now unanimous choices to win the league title and the cup in 1966.

THE THOUGHTFUL LOOK on Blake's face here means the Canadiens are just holding their own.

"How can they overlook us completely one year," Blake snorts, "and then pick us to win it all the next?" His complaint is not just another case of a coach's "poor mouth." Blake simply has a very real and gnawing fear of what such conjecture can do to a club. He has seen the debilitating power of complacency. "I recall one great Canadien team," he says, "during my playing days. We lost a few games, and the players weren't particularly worried. They kept telling themselves they'd win the next one. But the next one never came around. By the time we started to play up to our potential we were out of the playoffs."

The frayed script about every great hockey player depends heavily on the moment his mother bought him his first pair of skates. Blake's mother was adamantly opposed to his participation in such foolishness as hockey. She had hoped that Hector (or Hec-toe, as his younger brother called him) would be fortunate enough to acquire a "nice and steady" job—in the mines. Even if she had given her approval, a pair of skates would have been out of the question, with eight children crowding the Blake table three times a day. "It was a big treat," Blake once told a friend, "whenever we got beef drippings on our bread, instead of lard for our school lunches." Lard was a mainstay on the luncheon menus for many youngsters in northern Ontario's Victoria Mines, a smelter and mining community whose families too often could afford only too little.

When he was 12 Blake got a job hitching up horses and delivering milk before going to school. The money enabled him to buy a pair of skates and freed him from the boredom of playing goalie—that hateful position that can, if necessary, be filled by a man without skates, in neighborhood games. From then on, except for an occasional fiercely contested game of old maid with his sisters, Blake had little time for anything but hockey. School was a distraction, but a sympathetic teacher allowed the kids to wear their skates into the old wooden-floored classroom so that hockey games during recess could get under way promptly. In the summer Blake played baseball and was a mascot.

continued

for an older team. He occasionally forgot to pick up the hats, but he never forgot to be a small aggravation to the umpires when a decision went the wrong way. This early distaste for officials would later prove to be an expensive phobia.

Blake, unpolished and rugged, made the usual stops in the network of kid, junior and senior hockey leagues in Canada. He was deadly serious and unmoved by most social distractions, but every so often his coach would walk by his room and see a dim light under the door. Curious, he would step in and find Toe desperately trying to fill an inside straight when he should have been in bed.

Blake first caught the attention of the NHL somewhat obliquely when its scouts were looking at a youth named Nakina Smith, his teammate on a minor league club in Sudbury. Smith was the talk of most of the NHL scouts, who saw great potential in him, but when Eddie Girard, coach of the now defunct Montreal Maroons, wired his scout, Sam Rothschild, about Smith, he got the reply, "Forget Smith, Blake's the one you want."

Nakina Smith never made it big in the majors but Toe Blake did. He was 23 when he joined the Maroons in 1935, a reckless, truculent and boisterous individual who seemed resolved that intimidation—an often used weapon of NHL players—would not succeed against him. Too busy fighting his own battles to play effectively or be much help to his teammates, Blake was soon sent back to the minors.

Later in the season the Maroons traded him to the other Montreal team, the Canadiens. He joined them just in time for a bad mauling in Detroit's Olympia Stadium. Blake and Detroit's Ebbie Goodfellow were leaving the penalty box together when Blake decided Goodfellow would look better decapitated. Blake's stick was deflected by a Red Wing player, and in seconds Blake was prone on the ice, being pummeled by almost the entire Detroit team. The Canadiens, whether pleased or merely discreet, just stood by and watched. Blake was rescued by the police. "He really went amok," says Jack Adams, former Red Wing coach. "But he never backed away from any of them. He was a helluva competitor."

Blake's metamorphosis from pugnacious brawler to mature hockey player began at the start of the 1936-37 season and reached its fulfillment more than two years later. That year he won the Hart Trophy as the game's most valuable player and was voted Canada's outstanding athlete. He was now as gentlemanly as a hockey player can afford to be, and continued to be so to such an extent that years later he won the Lady Byng trophy, an annual award given to the player who "best combines sportsmanship and outstanding play."

This change in Blake contributed to the devastating success of the Canadiens from 1943 to 1947. Blake was captain of those teams and left winger on the fine Mad Dog Line, which included The Rocket and Elmer Lach. It was a curious trio. Richard, though phlegmatic off the ice, was a volatile player. Lach was cocky and loquacious whether in or out of uniform. Blake, cool, resourceful and somewhat paternal, was the "rock," often calming Richard and Lach when they lived up to the line's nickname.

Blake's playing career ended on the night of January 10, 1948, when a body check shattered his ankle. In 13 years he had scored 235 goals and 292 assists. He had been a star—but not a superstar. He had been a scuffler who had to work hard for his success. "I could never let up," he says. "Others could, but I had to drive myself." He was to prove no different as a coach.

A month after Blake's injury Frank Selke Sr., then general manager of the Canadiens, asked him to take charge of Houston, a team that was having problems. Blake did, and he won the league title. Selke promoted Blake to the coaching position at Buffalo in the American Hockey League. He had trouble at Buffalo with the front office, and when the situation became untenable he quit in January. "They said I was too easygoing," says Blake. Three weeks later the Valleyfield Braves of the Quebec Senior Hockey League approached him with a coaching offer. Blake accepted and stayed until the end of the 1953-54 season, when he quit again to devote his time to running the tavern in Montreal that he still owns.

Meanwhile the Canadiens' board of directors was searching for someone to succeed Dick Irvin. Selke immediately injected Blake's name into the discussions. Billy Reay, now coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, was being solidly endorsed for the job, but Selke, a sort of patriarch in Montreal hockey, persisted. "Blake is no theorist," Selke pitched. "He does not talk glibly about the game. But if you want someone who will get the maximum out of players Blake is the

continued

BLAKE MAKES A POINT TO J. C. TREMBLAY AND JEAN BELIVEAU ON MAGNETIC ICE

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man." The directors yielded to Selke. Blake promised to work hard to help Montreal retain its "royalty" designation in the NHL.

Seven years later, despite a magnificent start in his first year, Blake's most notable accomplishment lay in getting Montreal eliminated from the playoffs for three straight seasons. Then, as he often did last season, Toe Blake incessantly talked of retirement.

"Will you be back, Toe?" a Montreal reporter asked.

"I want the whole month of May to think about it," replied Blake.

"Why the hesitation?" he was asked.

"Let's put it this way," he answered. "I want to live like Toe Blake used to live." He just could not, it seemed, bear the thought of being a loser.

This contempt for himself, for his players and for anybody else who might share the responsibility for defeat has been a source of much trouble for Blake, but it has also been one of his most potent weapons as a coach. True, he is a technically solid hockey man, a patient master at handling young players and one who is consistently successful at getting competence from those who do not have it to give too often, but it is his attitude and his cutting tongue that drive the Canadiens. After a series of defeats or just one game notable for desultory play, Blake can usually be heard profanely disparaging the abilities of his players. "The dressing room just shakes," says one reporter.

"I'm not sure such a technique is right," says Blake. "I've tried the silent treatment on them, but it gets me more upset than it does them."

Toe's players respect him, but there are a few who resent his bludgeoning approach. One such was Goalie Jacques Plante. "Plante was the greatest goalie I have ever seen," says Blake, "and I never said anything to him for seven years. Then when I did he couldn't take it." Blake, perhaps more restrained with Plante than with any other player he had ever coached, soon became completely disenchanted with his goalie. Plante, something of a hypochondriac and a source of dissension on the club, was traded to New York for the Rangers' indifferent Gump Worsley. "I never even gave it a second thought," Blake says. "It got so I never knew when he would be well enough to play."

The Plante-Blake feud did not end with the trade, however. When Plante joined the Rangers he immediately began making caustic remarks about Blake and Montreal to the press. Later on, when informed that he had been picked as coach of the year, Blake said: "They made a mistake in picking me. They should have given the award to Plante. He was the one that got our players hot."

Blake does not opt for dialogue when he disagrees with an official. He prefers getting right to the point, which may be located anywhere on the anatomy of the referee in question. In 1961, in the semifinals of the cup playoffs, Blake became incensed over a tripping call. He raged across the ice and threw a long, looping right hand at Referee Dalton MacArthur. Even though he missed, he was fined $2,000. During the finals against Chicago last April, Blake was exasperated by some of Vern Buffey's calls. After the game he skidded toward Buffey, intent upon elevating that referee's jaw. His players restrained him, but on his way into the dressing room Blake managed to uncork his right at a fan—and missed again. Moments later he popped his head out of the dressing room and bawled to reporters: "You all saw the game. You all saw what happened. Now let's see how much guts you've got."

Although the majority of the press—despite its painful association with him—is fond of Blake, he has shown little inclination to return the affection. His estrangement from reporters was provoked during the playoffs of 1963, when he tangled with Referee Eddie Powers (SI, April 8, 1963). Infuriated as usual at the officiating, Blake ranted after one game: "They oughta investigate the conduct of officials who handle themselves in such a way you'd think they bet on the outcome." Blake said then and says now that, like any other coach during heated moments, he was just "talking to the wall." One reporter did not think so, however, and Blake's remarks turned up in the French-language paper *Matin*. Powers insisted his honor had been impugned. Blake was fined $200. Powers, obviously annoyed at the fact that his honor was worth only $200, quit the NHL and took legal action against Blake. The case was settled out of court in Toronto, but Blake was forced to harness his emotions until the settlement. He avoided squabbling with referees. He was cautious with reporters. He was a

continued

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man in chains. He never did forgive the press.

"I'd say," says Blake, "that the toughest job for a coach today is handling the press after a game. Particularly when you lose. You have to be a politician and a diplomat. They're all looking for an angle. That's what they call it. An angle. I tell you it's wicked."

Toe Blake is 53 now, and his 10 years of big-league coaching have marked him badly. He has frequent and persistent headaches, and he doesn't sleep well. He is a loner who is lonely. On the road, away from his family, there is nobody to drain the frustration and misery of defeat from his mind. Sometimes he can shake it by walking the streets, but usually he can be found in his big hotel suite late at night, alone and moving from the bed to the chair to the bed and back to the chair again. Once in a while he will turn on the late show, and just when his mind is being hooked by, say, a story of lost love in a western town, gossamer figures on skates will glide through his thoughts in slow motion. *Damn it, Blake, why were you so tough with the players before the third period? Are you sure you had the right combination on the ice in that big moment of the second period?* He never remembers the good moves, nor does he ever remember the good things he has done for people.

Blake is not an insensitive man. He knows that his circle of friends is not as large as it once was. He knows that he has hurt some people profoundly—through his words and his actions. He has, for instance, had to bench or release old friends at various times during his career, and he has never been callous about it. Each time they have taken a piece of Blake with them. "It is a very, very difficult thing to do," he says. He is also aware of the deep scar that has been inflicted by his job. "Once I was a very happy man," he says. "I am a bitter man now, a very bitter man."

There was no evidence of this bitterness during a recent visit to New York. Indeed, with his team tied for the lead, as advertised, Blake was talkative and generous with his time. But you could be sure his high spirits would not last, even if the lead did. A month from now Blake will not be smiling but sitting alone in the same hotel suite in front of a television set, punishing his mind and thinking: "That Nakina Smith! He was the lucky one." END

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK

With almost indecent haste, bowl promoters were in the winners' locker rooms, contracts in hand. The Orange Bowl signed up Nebraska—precluding any chance of a 'national championship' game should the Cornhuskers and Arkansas finish as the two top teams of the year—while the Sugar Bowl collected Missouri and the Gator Bowl Georgia Tech. Meanwhile 1965 continued to be a year of dazzling individuals (next pages), and none was brighter than Donny Anderson, who ran through Baylor last weekend and now leads once-beaten Texas Tech against Arkansas with the Southwest Conference title and the Cotton Bowl at stake

Since Texas Tech College sits rather aloofly out in Lubbock on the south plains, surrounded by towns like Bronco, Shallowater, Idalou and Frenship—towns known mostly to tool dressers and rig watchers—it is possible that even now the football world is not too familiar with The Golden Palomino, or Donny Anderson, a horse in hip pads. It should be. Anderson, who is poured with almost perfect bulges into a suit at 6 feet 3 and 210 pounds, is proving for the third straight season that he is one of the buckingest, swiftest, busiest halfbacks ever to come along.

Last week Anderson, who has a square chin, high cheekbones and blond hair that lies down flat, did all the things he does so well—run, catch, return, kick, block, tackle. In consequence, the Red Raiders' astonishing record rose to 8-1, and the professional scouts, wiping the drool from their chins, pondered even more deeply which position he ought to play when he graduates.

"He's got to be a running back," said one scout. "Speed, size and tough—why, he hasn't been hurt in three years." Well, Donny Anderson could play running back. He gained 609 yards as a sophomore, 966 last year, and his 1965 total went to 630 yards after he helped defeat Baylor 34-22 on Saturday.

"Nope," another scout said. "He's the ideal flanker or split end." Possibly. He caught five more passes against Baylor, which gave him 50 for the season and 654 yards. Once he took a short toss over the middle from Quarterback Tom Wilson and zoomed, after one subtle shoulder feint, 43 yards for the touchdown that assured Tech's win.

"I'll tell you the truth," said one more scout, "with his speed he could be a truly great defensive safety, even though he could play four places on offense."

He could do that easily enough. He made a score-saving tackle against Baylor after a punt, and in high school at Stinnett, in the Texas Panhandle, he was a linebacker. And he can punt. He boomed one 56 yards in the pleasant, clear air above Tech's Jones Stadium. The best thing he does, however, is move the football forward.

In fact, if Donny Anderson can advance the ball just 26 more yards this week in the Southwest Conference championship game against Arkansas in any of the nonpassing ways—rushing, receiving, on punt or kickoff returns—he will erase an obscure but nonetheless cherished NCAA record. Back in the 1949 to 1951 seasons Ollie Matson amassed 4,963 yards doing these things, and Donny Anderson is the first player to come along with a chance to top him. He ran his all-ways (except punting and passing) total to 4,938 yards last week, scoring his 90th point of the year in the process. "He's the greatest back in America," said Tech Coach J. T. King, "and he'll get a record bonus for a runner."

For all of his abilities—his running power coupled with speed and moves, his good hands and his durability—Anderson has the pros worried on one count. He is something of a maverick, so much so that one of his teammates last year remarked, "They call him The Golden Palomino, but they ought to call him The Golden Great Dane, because he's a big dog." He doesn't dog it in games but in practice, his critics say, and he has even admitted he does not enjoy practicing. He has not helped his image with some wisecracks that listeners took more seriously than Anderson intended they should. Last year, in a game Tech was winning handily, he joked, "Don't take me out, coach, I need the statistics." Another time, when he came slowly off the field after taking his usual battering, Tech's "brain coach," Clyde Prestwood, asked if he could get Anderson something. "Yeah," was the reply, "a C in sociology."

After the Baylor game Anderson admitted that his attitude for three years had not been the best. He flunked out as a freshman, and he did do some loafing. "He's not lazy when they snap the ball," snaps King, who says he believes Anderson has matured. He is slower with the wisecracks, more quietly confident than cocky and he has maintained a C-average in school.

Anderson was drafted last year by Green Bay (No. 1) and Houston, both of which could use him in many ways but particularly as an outside runner. But he is smart enough at this point not to reveal a league preference. Tech, a team that has won three games in the last two minutes, probably will go to a major bowl even if it loses to Arkansas, so Anderson cannot sign what will certainly be a big money contract until after that. "I'd play safety if that was the only place I could play," he said. "But I prefer running with the ball and breaking for a pass." Those are two things that have made Texas Tech one of the surprise teams of the year and Donny Anderson, maverick or palomino, one of the Southwest's alltime performers.

—DAN JENKINS

Running this time, Texas Tech's big, versatile Donny Anderson, a one-man offense, blasts through the Baylor line.

CONTINUED

It was a dark, chill afternoon in Palo Alto, but Gary Beban (above) was as hot as usual when UCLA whipped Stanford 30–13. The resourceful sophomore, already considered by many the best quarterback in the country, ran to two touchdowns and passed for another. His startling Uclans now face off with Southern Cal, winner to go to the Rose Bowl.

Outmanned West Virginia found out, as so many others have done, just how difficult it is to keep Floyd Little (right) of Syracuse out of the end zone. The mercurial halfback, a master at using his blockers, scored four times, once on a twisty 61-yard run, raising his season's bag of touchdowns to 17. The Orangemen won easily at Morgantown 41–19.

44
18

31
31
80

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (9–0) 2. NEBRASKA (9–0) 3. NOTRE DAME (7–1)

What a pity ILLINOIS did not have the defense all year to go with Jim Grabowski's booming charges (*left*). This year the 210-pound fullback has gained 1,071 yards rushing, giving him a 2,691 total, the most ever in three years for a Big Ten back. Against Wisconsin Saturday he ran for 196 yards and two touchdowns, one on a 51-yard scamper, as the Illini whomped the Badgers 51–0.

Maybe the pressure was beginning to tell, or perhaps everybody was just trying harder. Whatever the reason, the big teams in the Midwest—Michigan State, Notre Dame and Nebraska—all had troubles. About the only thing MICHIGAN STATE's Duffy Daugherty should have had to worry about when his team played Indiana was which three players would carry him off the field after the Spartans won. The Hoosiers, leading 13–10 going into the fourth quarter, almost carried his whole team off. Then Quarterback Steve Juday got the Spartans going, passing twice to End Gene Washington for touchdowns. Dick Kenney barefooted his second field goal, and Michigan State won 27–13 for its first outright Big Ten title and a place in the Rose Bowl.

NOTRE DAME was caught up in a scoreless tie with North Carolina for three quarters. The Tar Heels shut off the Irish inside threat and, without ailing Bill Wolski, Notre Dame had to struggle just to stay alive—until Nick Eddy came to the rescue. Eddy's two scores, one on a 66-yard dash, along with Ken Ivan's 38-yard field goal, gave the Irish a 17–0 win. Come to think of it, maybe Notre Dame and Michigan State had a common ailment last week, like looking ahead to Saturday's game at South Bend.

All week long NEBRASKA's Bob Devaney brooded about his team's No. 3 ranking. "I'll tell you," he grumped, "no team in the country is better than we are." Devaney was so sure that Nebraska voted to accept an Orange Bowl bid before it went out to play Oklahoma State, seventh in the Big Eight. It was almost a disaster. The Cowboys, with Walt Garrison attacking viciously (for 123 yards) had the mighty Huskers licked 17–14 with 38 seconds to go. That is when Nebraska, climaxing a 74-yard comeback, sent Fullback Pete Tatman storming over from the two to save the day 21–17. What did Devaney say then? "Whew!"

MISSOURI's Dan Devine, chatting with friends before the Oklahoma game, said pointedly, "It's still the same old Oklahoma. They still have fine recruiting, fine coaching and a Miami Beach-type athletic dormitory." As it turned out, Devine was wrong. The Sooners just withered and died 30–0, once Missouri went at them with a ramming ball-control game. Then the Tigers accepted an invitation to play in the Sugar Bowl. COLORADO was hoping for a bowl bid, too, after beating Kansas 21–14.

Back in the Big Ten, the battle for second raged on. OHIO STATE, flogging Iowa 38–0, had the upper hand, but PURDUE, a game behind, stayed alive by blasting Minnesota 35–0. Michigan's defending champions, however, were out of it. NORTHWESTERN upset the Wolverines 34–22.

BOWLING GREEN got a piece of the Mid-American title, drubbing hapless Ohio U. 17–7, to tie MIAMI OF OHIO, winner over independent Dayton 28–0.

Jim Grabowski of Illinois, who sets Big Ten records every time he carries the ball, powers into Wisconsin's defense.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (7–1–1) 2. FLORIDA (6–2) 3. TENNESSEE (4–1–2)

Sophomore Quarterback Charley Fulton, another of the year's precocious movers and shakers, had led unbeaten Tennessee to four victories and two ties, but when the Vols played MISSISSIPPI last week he was around for only one play. Ailing all week with a pulled muscle in his right leg, he sprained his left ankle the first time he carried the ball, and Tennessee lost its first game 14–13. Dewey Warren, a sophomore quarterback whose experience amounted to six plays, filled in and had Tennessee ahead 13–7 going into the fourth quarter. Then Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught brought in *his* rookie, Quarterback Joe Graves, who had all of 13 plays under his belt. Graves, running and passing, sparked a drive that ended with Mike Dennis plunging over from the one-yard line and Jimmy Keyes kicked the winning point. "I *thought* Graves would do the job," said Vaught.

That left AUBURN, an unlikely preseason choice, leading the Southeastern Conference. The opportunistic Tigers, who managed to lose three games to nonconference opponents, beat Georgia 21–19. Quarterback Alex Bowden passed for one touchdown, and Fullback Tom Bryan ran for 162 yards.

Smart as Auburn has been, its days at the top of the SEC are probably numbered. The Tigers must beat ALABAMA November 27 to win the championship, and that is never easy. The Tide, reportedly headed for the Orange Bowl to play Nebraska, bombed South Carolina 35–14 after a few anxious moments. But Quarterback Steve Sloan passed for two touchdowns and ran for a third, and that was that. "The last four games," said Bear Bryant, "Steve has been the most accurate passer I've ever had." Whatever happened to Joe Namath?

FLORIDA, out of the SEC race but being wooed by the Cotton and the Sugar bowls, gave its most ardent backers reason for hope. The Gators crushed Tulane 51–13 as Quarterback Steve Spurrier had one of his finest days. He threw three touchdown passes and piled up 262 yards in total offense. LSU, almost out of everything, ripped Mississippi State 37–20, while Vanderbilt, buffeted by Quarterback Bill Miller's splendid passing, succumbed to MIAMI 28–14.

Gator Bowl people were handy with an invitation after GEORGIA TECH, putting on its most exciting face, clobbered Virginia 42–19. Coach Bobby Dodd was happy to accept—probably to play Saturday's Arkansas-Texas Tech loser. But Florida State's bowl hopes ended when the Seminoles lost to NORTH CAROLINA STATE 3–0.

Clemson's Frank Howard for once was practically speechless when old feudin' buddy Tom Nugent's MARYLAND team upset his Tigers 6–0 on Chilean Bernardo Bramson's two soccer-type field goals. And no wonder. All the Terps did was knock Clemson out of a sure Atlantic Coast title and back into the suddenly crowded field. Now the Tigers are only half a game ahead of South Carolina (their next opponent), DUKE (a 40–7 winner over Wake Forest), North Carolina and Maryland. Duke and North Carolina play Saturday, while Maryland meets Virginia.

As spectacular as he was against West Virginia, SYRACUSE's Floyd Little had some man-sized help from 240-pound sophomore Fullback Larry Csonka, who rammed up the middle for 216 yards, breaking Jimmy Brown's one-game school record.

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Sophomore Quarterback Kim King's left-handed passes ruined Virginia 42–19 and shot Georgia Tech into the Gator Bowl. Completing 21 of 30 losses for 319 yards and two touchdowns, King set four Tech records.

THE LINEMAN: Gene Washington, a Big Ten and NCAA hurdles champion, caught three touchdown passes and revived Michigan State. The Spartans scored 17 points in the fourth period to beat Indiana and win a Rose Bowl bid.

THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (8–0) 2. SYRACUSE (6–3) 3. DARTMOUTH (8–0)

Unbeaten PRINCETON and unbeaten DARTMOUTH were ready for an eastern showdown Saturday. The Tigers chopped away at Yale with their usual élan and won 31–6 for their 17th in a row. Tailback Ron Landeck ran for three touchdowns and passed for a fourth, and Charley Gogolak, automatic as ever, booted a 48-yard field goal and four extra points. He now has 48 straight conversions, four more than his brother Pete, who held the NCAA record. Dart-

mouth, nursing a 6–0 lead on Bill Hay's two field goals, put down Cornell 20–0 when Earl Mabry ran back a punt 72 yards and Quarterback Mickey Beard raced 10 yards after taking a lateral from Pete Walton.

The way things had been going for the ARMY team, Wyoming need only have presented its credentials—a shiny 6–1 record—and accepted victory gracefully. What did happen was that the Cowboys and their superb passer, paunchy but quick Quarterback Tom Wilkinson, gave the Cadets an object lesson in 99-yard football. It was that last yard that Army had down pat, however, and that was the difference. Army scored once when startled End Sam Champi found a bumped Wilkinson pass coming his way and ran 45 yards. Minutes later, Army scored again when Quarterback Curt Cook hit Terry Young with a pass in the end zone and Army led 13–0. Then Wyoming took over, except for that last yard. Twice the surging Cowboys fumbled going into the end zone, and Army's alert Sam Bartholomew recovered, another time they were stopped dead on the one, after Mike Davenport slipped going in for a sure score.

Navy's day was thoroughly unrewarding. For a change PENN STATE stayed loose against the blitzing Middies, ran well, passed effectively and broke the Navy attack with a firm defense. Quarterback Jack White and sophomore Split End Jack Curry set State passing records for yards gained (1,120) and catches (37) in a season, Don Kunit ran 22 yards and Mike Irwin five for touchdowns, and the Nittany Lions won 14–6. Now, with two games to go, State can still achieve its 27th consecutive winning season.

HARVARD, surprisingly, came out passing, threw its first touchdown pass of the year and beat Brown 17–8. PENN, more used to the pass, used sophomore Bill Creeden's three touchdown throws to overtake Columbia 31–21.

BOSTON COLLEGE, with Quarterback Ed Foley throwing three scoring passes, routed William & Mary 30–17, but Boston U., enjoying its best season in years, was suddenly brought up short by DELAWARE 50–7. AMHERST Quarterback Johnny Passmore lived up to his name against old rival Williams. He passed and passed, throwing for four touchdowns to give the Lord Jeffs a 42–8 victory and the Little Three title. The small brutes from Maine went down for the first time, to TAMPA 2–0.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (9–0) 2. TEXAS TECH (8–1) 3. SMU (4–3–1)

For ARKANSAS Coach Frank Broyles it was very much a routine day. The Razorbacks followed his simple game plan—to win—and beat Southern Methodist 24–3 for their 21st straight. Later, in the locker room, Broyles confined his remarks to, "Hurry it up guys, we gotta catch that plane," and he was back home in Fayetteville by 8 p.m. SMU was not quite as submissive as that sounds and actually led after Quarterback Mac White marched the Mustangs within Dennis Partee's field-goal range. Thereafter, per Broyles's instructions, his defensive monster was free to guess in what direction White planned to roll out. He usually had it right, and White was shut off. SMU, meanwhile, had worse luck outwitting Arkansas' Jon Brittenum, whose sprint-out option runs and passes set up all 24 points.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN's Bruce Alford Jr. kicked four field goals, and the Frogs's bruising defense forced—and recovered—four Texas fumbles in a 25–10 shellacking of Texas in Austin. "When the locusts arrive they devour everything," said Darrell Royal, whose Longhorns now have lost four of five. Eddie McKaughan's 19-yard pass to John Poss and Glynn Lindsey's conversion with less than three minutes to play lifted TEXAS A & M over Rice 14–13.

HOUSTON, one of the season's major disappointments until it upset Mississippi last week, stunned Kentucky 38–21 as Quarterback Bo Burris threw for three second-half touchdowns. The Cougars intercepted five passes, including two by Gus Hollomon that set up touchdowns. LAMAR TECH clipped West Texas State 21–14, and MEMPHIS STATE shattered North Texas State 28–0.

THE WEST 1. USC (6–1–1) 2. UCLA (6–1–1) 3. WASHINGTON STATE (7–2)

It is not only the Rose Bowl, or who is best on the Pacific Coast that will be decided this weekend, but which Los Angeles team is better. While UCLA's remarkable Gary Beban was running and passing Stanford silly, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA methodically and willfully took apart suffering Pitt 28–0. With UCLA scouts looking on hopefully, Coach Johnny McKay was not about to show them anything new. What they saw was the same old Trojan firepower—slithery Mike Garrett rummaging through the defenseless Panthers 26 times for 156 yards and three touchdowns, running back four punts for 49 yards and catching one bitty swing pass for a mere three. "That Garrett," said Pitt's admiring John Michelosen, "is incredible. He's quick, picks a hole, darts to daylight and is so difficult to hem up."

Washington State's gutsy Cougars finally ran out of miracles. Down 7–0 to ARIZONA STATE, they scored with two minutes to go after recovering a fumble on the five. Quarterback Tom Roth, naturally, went for two points, with a pass to Ammon McWashington, and made it. But the officials ruled State had taken too long to get the play off, and Roth had to try again. This time the charging Sun Devils dropped him on the 10-yard line. The score: 7–6.

Oregon State seemingly had WASHINGTON in a bind. The Beavers had wrecked the Huskies' passing game by double-teaming their star receiver, Dave Williams, and they led 21–14 at half time. Then Washington went back to its old-style tough, grinding game. Ron Medved and Don Moore crunched over for touchdowns, and the Huskies pulled the game out 28–21. CALIFORNIA, wallowing in the mud with Oregon at Portland, smothered the Ducks 24–0.

Records fell like wounded Falcons when AIR FORCE Quarterback Paul Stein went to work on Arizona. Stein completed 11 passes for four touchdowns and set an Air Force season's mark of 1,291 yards while Halfback Bill Manning became the first Cadet to catch three touchdown throws in a game. More to the point, the Falcons won 34–7.

It was a hard weekend all over for Western AC teams. COLORADO STATE picked off five Brigham Young passes and whipped the Cougars 36–22, NEW MEXICO STATE overpowered New Mexico 20–6 and TEXAS WESTERN caught Utah 20–19 on Billy Stevens' 92-yard touchdown pass to End Bob Wallace with 16 seconds to go.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

MICHIGAN STATE OVER NOTRE DAME After fierce head-knocking, a plus for State defense.

OHIO STATE OVER MICHIGAN Hayes's Buckeyes are fighting for second place.

PRINCETON OVER DARTMOUTH The classier Tigers will win a high-scoring battle.

HARVARD OVER YALE The Crimson cannot pass, but it runs well—and defends better.

SYRACUSE OVER BOSTON COLLEGE The Orange wakes up against natural foes, like BC.

TENNESSEE OVER KENTUCKY With Norton out, the Wildcats will be hard pressed to score.

NORTH CAROLINA OVER DUKE The Tar Heels have Talbott, Duke has only fond memories.

CLEMSON OVER SOUTH CAROLINA With the ACC title in sight, the Tigers will not falter.

VIRGINIA OVER MARYLAND The Terps get caught again by a better passing game.

ARKANSAS OVER TEXAS TECH But the quick Hogs have a quick, passing team to beat.

SMU OVER BAYLOR Even losing, the Mustangs have looked stronger than the Bears.

USC OVER UCLA The Trojans have an answer for Prothro's trickery—Garrett's running.

CALIFORNIA OVER STANFORD A tougher schedule has prepared the Bears for the big one.

WASHINGTON OVER WASHINGTON STATE The blush is off the bloom for State.

OREGON STATE OVER OREGON Two good passers are better than the one Oregon has.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
8 RIGHT, 7 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 79-31-3

A Hertz blunder

—and thunder!

(Somebody else makes a goof and all you hear is an "oof.")

Jerry Giraitis

And it's fine by us.

If it was the other way around—then we'd worry.

Jerry Giraitis, Vice President of Schenley Distillers Company, recently complained to us about a sticky door handle. First time he had a complaint in ten years of renting from us. Later he laughed—and said he was a little bugged that day. Then he said—if it had been another rent-a-car company, he probably wouldn't have mentioned it.

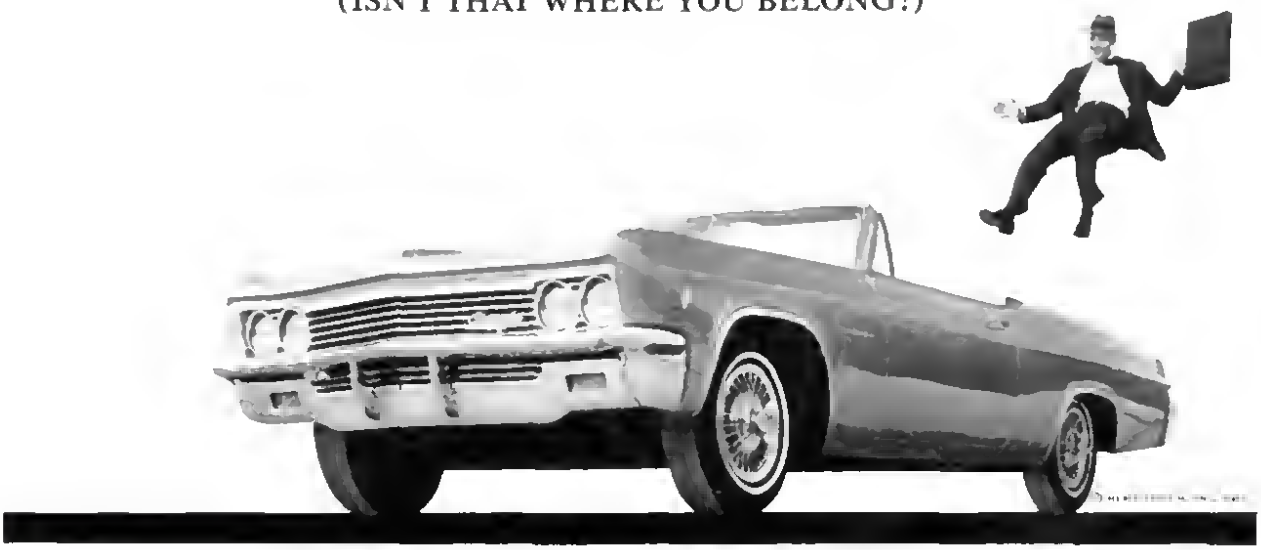
People expect us—and our Chevrolets or other fine cars—to be perfect. And we try to be. It's a burden—but we like it. That's the price of—what? Success? Or to use somebody else's phrase—the penalty of leadership?

Enough of that grandiose talk. Let's just say we try to give a busy, successful man a car so good he can forget about it—which means we can't forget anything.

Jerry Giraitis

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



THE FEARLESS TOT FROM POSSUM TROT

Sudden Deeth Sabol invented his neme, his home and e new way to meke e football team. He is the college geme's leest modest player and, oddly enough, he is almost es good as he seys he is

by TOM C. BRODY

The Ute Pass fault slices down the Rockies just to the northeast of Pikes Peak and directly into Colorado Springs, Colo. Every eon or so, the earth moves and most of the knowledgeable people at tiny Colorado College, which happens to nestle near the base of Pikes Peak, are at least intellectually prepared for a tremor or two. But something happened to them in the fall of 1960—it was so quiet at first they were not even aware of it—for which they were quite unprepared. That was the enrollment of a little fellow named Stephen Douglas Sabol, freshly arrived at Colorado College from Villanova, Pa. to play football. If mountains did not move at first, they would shortly.

Now, it is not as though football or even fame was new to CC, as intimates call the college. It is only that not much had happened since 1928, when 10,000 or so people used to pile into Washburn Stadium to see Dutch Clark do his stuff. It was stimulating. It was great. It was also brief. Clark graduated, and the seating capacity of Washburn Stadium has been shrinking ever since. Last summer another chunk of seats was ripped out, leaving 2,500. Those who craved for action on Saturday afternoons got into the habit of hiking 12 miles up the road to watch the Air Force Academy teams play.

Nevertheless, football was what Sabol had in mind when he got to Colorado Springs, and if he could do nothing to check the school's emphasis on de-emphasis he could do the next best thing and become college football's greatest living advertisement for himself. In the last three years Stephen Douglas Sabol, better known because of his own press-agentry as Steve (Sudden Death) Sabol, has had a roaring good time perpetrating the idea that he is slightly more talented than Jimmy Brown.

Sudden Death *was* named All-Rocky Mountain Conference fullback the year before last, but there are pro scouts who have been known to ignore a full season of Rocky Mountain football and not miss a thing. Still, Sudden Death does not blush at his own high assessment of himself ("I'm not to be taken seriously," he tells anyone who is inclined to be specific), and the fact is that Brown, Cookie Gilchrist and Bronko Nagurski stuffed into the same uniform could not touch his publicity.

With his own good money Sudden Death has paid for newspaper advertisements, colored postcards, brochures, T shirts, lapel buttons and pencils—on which are written such legends as "The Prince of Pigskin Pageantry now at the Pinnacle of his Power," and "one of the most mysterious, awesome living beings of all times." He has sent out news releases reporting the incredible accomplishments of Sudden Death Sabol on the football field—with sidebars describing his colorful campus life—and it is testament to his ability that sports editors swallowed his releases gladly, never realizing that Sabol was spoofing.

On the surface, CC is not the right place for the likes of Sabol. He had intended to go to Harvard—Norman Mailer's alma mater—after graduating third in his class from prep school but, he recalls happily, "I blew the college boards, and to ease the snub from Harvard made a tour of Europe." It was in Amsterdam that *continued*

A PASSING SABOL is forgettable, but when a photographer says, "Smile," he comes on like a Rocky Mountain sunrise.

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots? *

B[illegible] • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

AT [illegible] CORNER, LONDON, ENGLAND

GIFT WRAPPED BY HAIG

*We English.

The Scots distill Haig—
we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.
(at Christmas, too.)

Cadillac takes on the circular track.

Buick runs down a road of grit.

Chevrolet tackles the cement blocks.

You can ask a lot from General Motors cars– General Motors does.

Pontiac vs. the water trough.

Oldsmobile in the midst of a J-turn.

The 1966 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs—proved all around.

You ask a lot from a car — and GM engineers ask even more.

And that's why they go to such lengths to make a good thing even better. Testing and re-testing how safely and surely GM cars respond, and how well they hold up. How they ride. How they take a corner, how they hold their own in a wind. Testing through salt baths and mud baths and over cobblestone blocks and raw dirt trails and hard and fast test tracks.

The results are new cars that are ready for you now at your General Motors dealers'—engineered for all-around durability, all-around reliability, all-around safety. Ready, willing and able to prove that they're worth more now and, chances are, worth more to you at trade-in.

Left to right, 1966 Cadillac Sedan de Ville, Buick Electra 225, Chevrolet Caprice, Pontiac Bonneville, and Oldsmobile Toronado.

Why is there a nursery
in every Eastern Falcon Lounge?

For the same reason we use radioactive isotopes
to x-ray jet engines.

George Carnall – Eastern Airlines

Why has Eastern introduced new comfort and convenience in air travel? Why have we developed new techniques in maintenance like our unique way of x-raying engines? Why Falcon Lounge nurseries? Why a system-wide computer that confirms reservations in a split second? Why curb-side baggage handling, Ground Hostesses and the Whisperjet?

For one reason: to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. And everything new we do becomes another way for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern." Whisperjet is a service mark of Eastern Airlines, Inc

EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be

a letter from his mother arrived informing him of his acceptance by Colorado College, among other places. As Sabol was a football nut (he can rattle off the names of obscure halfbacks who played at the turn of the century), instant thoughts like "Dutch Clark, mountains—great," rattled through his mind, and that was that for Sabol.

Sabol arrived, uncharacteristically, with no fanfare. "In fact," he says recalling his first freshman practice, "the coach looked at me as if I were a side dish he hadn't ordered." Sabol's problem then was that there were only 170 pounds of him, and the coaches, for the most part, ignored him. "If there's one thing I can't stand," said Sabol, "it's not being noticed."

Sabol's first gambit was to change his home town from Villanova to Coaltown Township, Pa., a nonexistent locality that had the ring of solid football country to it. "Everybody knows that western Pennsylvania is where the studs come from," he said, "I've never even seen a coal mine, but if the coaches thought I'd been rubbing shoulders with guys like Mike Ditka and Leon Hart they'd have to start thinking. You know, I carried it off all season and nobody caught on. Guys would come up and ask me why I hadn't got a big scholarship from Notre Dame or Ohio State or someplace, and I'd say, 'Aw, I was just third-string.' "

While he impressed his colleagues, Sabol remained unnoticed by the coaches through the entire freshman year. Figuring he had been too subtle, he was ready with a veritable blitz of eye-catchers by the time the sophomore season rolled in. He informed one and all that he was from Possum Trot, Miss. ("now, who could ignore anyone from a place called Possum Trot?" he reasoned) and then went to work on his name, which was honorable enough but lacked the ring of greatness. "I wanted something really lethal," he said, "like Sudden Death—hey, yeah, Sudden Death! Fits my initials, too." It is recorded that on the program for the next game CC had a third-string fullback called Sudden Death Sabol. That wasn't all that was in the program. "Coach Jerry Carle [CC's head coach] wishes Sudden Death Sabol a successful season," read a modest ad—paid for by Stephen Douglas Sabol.

"My God, Coach Carle's a regular Bear Bryant," said Sabol. "About the last thing he'd do is wish me a successful season. But a lot of people took it seriously. I thought it was all pretty funny."

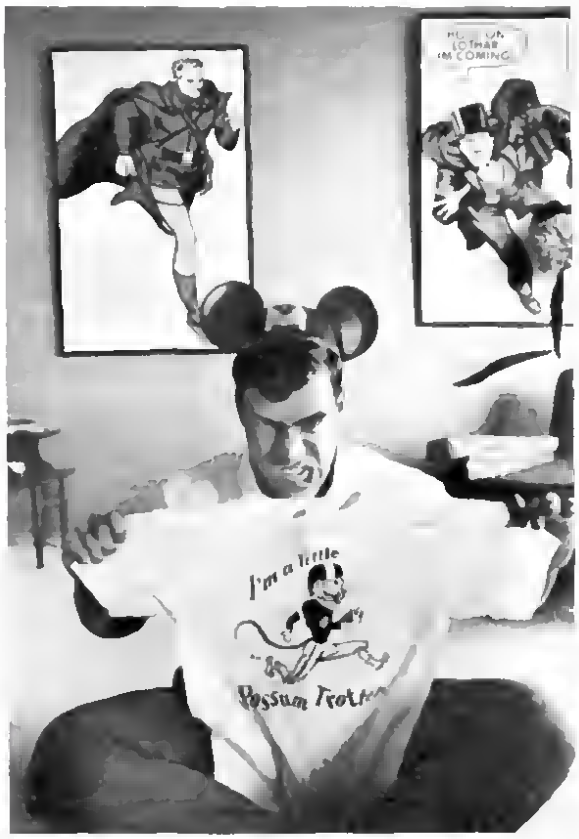
Fortunately, Carle, as befits a man with no scholarships to give away, is a man of some humor and actually managed a chuckle or two. Unfortunately, the ad did not do much for Sabol's status on the team, and he remained rooted on the bench. "My 170 pounds," he said, "just didn't seem to go with a player called Sudden Death."

Nevertheless, there it was in the final program of the season: "Coach Jerry Carle congratulates Sudden Death Sabol on a fantastic season."

That summer Sabol stayed in Colorado Springs and stuffed himself and, to make sure all that food sat right, worked hard on weights and the isometric bar. When he showed up for fall football Carle could hardly believe what he saw. Sudden Death had put 40 pounds on his frame, all of it hard. As a budding press agent, Sabol now had something solid to work with.

continued

EVER BUSY, Sudden Death supervises creation of new and surprising placards by professional sign painter he hired with his own money.



FEARSOME in his den of pop comic heroes, Sudden Death displays, with appropriate snarl, the T shirt he devised and sold for $1.

Sabol's junior year was big. Tentative stabs at press-agentry turned into full-blown hokum, spilling over to both local and Denver papers. One ad informed a startled public, "The Possum Trot Chamber of Commerce extends its wishes for a successful season to its favorite son—Sudden Death Sabol." Another advertisement included a picture of Sabol in a football uniform, age 10, in Philadelphia, where he had played on a midget-league team called the Little Quakers. Then came 100 T shirts made up with a drawing of a possum and the inscription: "I'm a little Possum Trotter." He gave half of them away and sold the rest for $1 apiece.

To alleviate the tedium of football practice, which he describes as a "period of intense boredom punctuated by moments of acute fear," Sabol began writing the game program himself, and he did a column for the school newspaper entitled, *Here's a Lot from Possum Trot*. In between times, Sabol assumed the duties of team cheerleader and began plastering the walls of the locker room with posters and slogans and slipping fight songs on the record player. The climax came when Sabol shipped a press release off to the rival Concordia team's home-town paper (Concordia was unbeaten at the time). "Sudden Death says CC will crush them," was one quote.

Concordia's game plan was simple—break Sabol's neck. "I loved it," he said. "Makes the game more personal. This one big end was particularly anxious to break something—he seemed infinitely capable of it, too, so at half time I go up to the referee and, putting on my choirboy look, say. 'Mr. Referee, sir, that end, well, I hate to say it, but he's playing sort of dirty and I wish you'd watch him.' So on the first play I asked the quarterback to call my number on an end sweep. Sure enough, this big oaf really clobbers me. I whisper in his ear, 'You're nothing but chicken——' Naturally, he takes a swing, and there's the ref standing right there, throwing down his hanky and yelling, 'You're out of the game.'" Colorado College won 13-0.

Aside from the fun and frolic, Sabol was not spoofing at all about playing the game. He had learned how to punt a ball 39.8 yards a try (he prefers to quote his average as over 40), and he rushed at opposing linemen effectively enough to average 4.5 yards a carry (the statistic comes out 6.2 for anyone who does not have records to check Sabol). Whatever the figure was, it was good enough for All-Conference status, and CC won four games, or about two more than it normally did.

While Sabol likes to think of himself as the "Caucasian Cassius Clay" ("you'd be surprised how stimulating it is to lip off," he said), his teammates took him seriously enough to elect him captain for his senior year. The news was carried on the wires, and it brought a letter from a disc jockey in, of all places, Possum Trot. There really is such a place, but it is in Tennessee, not Mississippi. "That was fine by me," said Sabol. "I always had a sneaking hunch I wanted to come from Tennessee, anyway."

In the fall of 1964, Sabol showed up promptly, but it was obvious that something was wrong. The most dynamic athlete of modern times was listless and tired. The coaching staff soon found out why. Sabol had been hospitalized almost all summer with hepatitis.

Back to Villanova went Sudden Death, unknown and unappreciated outside of Possum Trot and the Rocky Mountains. When his strength returned he took a job coaching the Little Quakers but, by his figuring, the year was a washout. Then Carle called. Sudden Death, he said, was eligible for another year.

Sabol made straight for the Philadelphia Athletic Club and began huffing over the weights. He huffed so hard he boosted his weight from 180 back to 212 pounds, all with the encouragement of fellow club members Buddy Rogers and the then reigning Mr. America, Val Vasilieff. Both were impressed by the way Sabol's muscles began to bulge in the appropriate places. They urged him to enter the local body-beautiful contest. Sabol was game. He strutted and flexed and "Damned if I didn't win it. Do you know I'm actually Mr. Philadelphia now?"

Being named Mr. Philadelphia is not an honor Sabol is likely to exploit lightly, and what followed was 8-by-10 photographs showing himself all ripple and holding a spear. Underneath were his name and these modest words: "Acclaimed as the greatest new adventure hero of the year." The adventure hero was an inspiration derived from his enormous comic-book collection, featuring such alltime favorites as Mr. America and Batman. The pictures were immediately dispatched to editors, press agents and fans. (He has the mailing addresses of influential people well cataloged.)

Sabol considered this not a bad start on the year, but the nagging suspicion that some people back in Colorado were forgetting him gave Sudden Death a slight ulcer and fresh determination to do something about it. He dashed off to a printer and had stationery made with "Universal International" engraved on the letterhead and wrote: "You have been placed on Steve Sabol's mailing list and thus will be able to follow his movie career." Next came the information that Steve Sabol had been cast as a supporting actor in Universal's forthcoming film, *Black Horse Troop* ("I got the name from a march by John Philip Sousa"), starring William Holden, Steve McQueen and Eva Marie Saint—no less. The letter was stamped "Approved for immediate release by order of Central Casting." Sabol just happened to have such a stamp handy.

Using the instincts of a good press agent, Sabol did not send the letters to Colorado newsmen, who were developing the ability to smell synthetics. Instead they went to friends in Colorado Springs who were most likely to leak the news in the right places. It worked. Local columnists fell over themselves informing their readers that Sudden Death Sabol was Hollywood's newest star. "I must have had a hundred calls from people wanting to know if it's true Steve McQueen is really a fink," said Sabol. "I told them, 'Naw, he's really a great guy.'"

Last summer Sabol made another grand tour of Europe, and it was in Madrid that he was inspired anew. El Cordobés, the current rage in bull fighting circles, had picture postcards of himself placed all over Spain. Thought Sabol: "Now, that's class." First thing he did when he returned home was to shell out $55 (financial support comes from his father) for a couple of crates of color postcards with himself in football togs. On the top at the back is:

STEVE "SUDDEN DEATH" SABOL
All-Time, All-Rocky Mountain
football great

On the bottom it says simply: "The Prince of Pigskin Pageantry."

In September, Sabol came back to Colorado Springs in style—driving a flashy maroon convertible—and took up residence in a modest five-room apartment

that goes for $200 a month and that he shares with no one. "I have this imagination, you see," says Sabol, "and it works better when I'm alone." Not that he is lonely. On the walls are huge pop art paintings of The Phantom, Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician, compliments of his mother. There is also a picture of Sudden Death signing with the Cleveland Browns for $375,000.

One of Sabol's favorite pictures has him surrounded by Alex Webster, Frank Gifford and Del Shofner with the inscription "We need Sudden Death." The fact is, pro football may get him after he graduates next June if he can swing a job with his father, who produces the official color films of the National Football League's championship games.

"Football is such a great game," says Sabol, "but football players are so dull. I remember this one pregame film showing Mike Ditka demolishing some guy. Now, this is a great player. He's brutal. So do you know what he says when the commentator asks him to say something about the play? He sort of paws the ground, drops his head and says, 'Ah, I was lucky.' Now, surely after a guy makes a great play like Ditka did he can come up with something more colorful than that. Maybe they'll let me write stuff for the players and get them to say it on the shows. You know what I'd have Ditka say? 'Look at him. He's still *breathing!*' or something real colorful like that."

Sabol was elected co-captain of this year's team, which had a 3-5 record. He ran for 332 yards and punted at the usual plus 40 (37.8) clip and, though his coach's best wishes no longer appeared in the program, psychological warfare was big again at CC. There was, for instance, a plaque prepared for the visiting team's dressing room that read:

> This field is named in honor of Morris Washburn, who perished when his lungs exploded from a lack of oxygen during a soccer match with Denver University, 1901.

Immediately outside was a sign giving the altitude of Colorado Springs, 7,989 feet (an exaggeration by 2,089 feet). Carle blanched and suggested that the plaque might be unethical.

"Too bad," said Sabol. "Would have been colorful." **END**

PLEASED AS A KITTEN, Sudden Death strolls by sign he faked to frighten low-altitude foes.

GAMY DAYS AHEAD

In the '20s a house was not considered really furnished unless its accessories included a mah-jongg set. As times changed, first bridge, then television and finally Scrabble, dominated game rooms (Monopoly was there all the time). This year looks like being the gamiest Christmas ever. Not only are the old favorites appearing in handsome new dress, but there are new, big and expensive entertainments on these and following pages. The beanbag game opposite, for example, is not exactly a stocking-filler—it measures four feet by four feet. Jigsaw puzzles and chess sets are available at prices up to $2,000. A novelty certain to fascinate Americans with gambling instincts is Rollette (above), a Danish creation which not only provides exciting play but is a beautiful piece of craftsmanship

Quality is the keynote of Christmas games. The lowly beanbag game is now the Greatest Show Under the Sun in hand-painted wood (Scarabaeus, $250). A chessboard is of stained glass (Merrin, $50), a round dicebox of saddle leather (T. Anthony, $14). An eight-game set comes in a cowhide case (T. Anthony, $55), a backgammon set in red morocco (Mark Cross, $160). Another dicebox is in walnut (Marshall Field, $25), and a third is a leather cube (Boutique Caprice, $6). A baccarat shoe is of silver and wood (Gucci, $249), the chessmen are spruce and linden (Cepelia, $175). The poker set is mahogany and pigskin (Gucci, $125), the dominoes are cork (Boutique Caprice, $21).

GREATEST SHOW UNDER THE SUN
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The quality jigsaw puzzle also is having a renaissance. Prices go up to $2,000 for custom versions. There are round puzzles, no-picture

puzzles and art puzzles such as Matisse's "Le Grand Atelier" (above). Its 750 wooden pieces are cut to order by Par Puzzles for $125

S
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TRIPLE WORD SCORE
DOUBLE WORD SCORE
DOUBLE LETTER SCORE
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B3
MAGNETIC CARDS

HAPPINESS IS A GAME THAT MAKES YOU THINK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN ST JOHN

Miniature games are as carefully crafted as standard versions The leather-backed Scrabble board (T Anthony, $15), an eight-inch square, folds four ways The English leather cribbage board (Neiman-Marcus, $5) has a leather case The pegboard travel chess set (Buffum's, $6 50) is made of wood in Rumania. Many games are magnetic. The ace of spades holds miniature chessmen, backgammon disks and a travel Scrabble tile

The entertainments photographed on the preceding pages have two things in common: they appeal to adults, and they are well designed. People are rejecting poor-quality games. "Everyone is tired of paying substantial sums for things that break apart," says Stanley R. James, vice-president in charge of sales at Parker Brothers, which manufactures the alltime best-selling Monopoly.

Whatever the reason, games are something of a new status symbol, and this Christmas they are special. Dominoes are no longer just black-and-white wood but are available in offbeat materials like brass and cork. Roulette wheels of wood and chrome are outselling the plastic ones. The honest poker chip is barely recognizable: some are gold-plated, others square. Backgammon, a dropout from the '20s, is reappearing in well-made leather cases.

Chess is more popular than ever, with an estimated 35 million players in the U S. There are some beautiful sets around: fragile Venetian glass, vermeil kings with ruby crowns, huge ivory chessmen representing the Japanese dynasties. They may never move on a chessboard —the serious player usually prefers a classic design that allows him to distinguish the knight from the bishop—but they are moving in the stores.

Games of physical dexterity, with Labyrinth leading and Shoot the Moon running it close, are selling well. Both are played with a steel ball manipulated by rods or knobs held in both hands and need skill and quick thinking. Good airplane pilots learn fastest.

People are buying beautiful wooden jigsaw puzzles again. The Matisse shown in the color pages should take only four hours and 50 minutes, but others are so difficult that the exhausted puzzlers are framing their masterpieces for posterity.

"I don't know what started it," says one store buyer, "but there's a big think boom. Mothers come in for chess sets for their 8-year-olds And for games like Wff'n Proof. Wff'n Proof's one of the hardest games ever thought up. You almost have to be a scientist to play it."

Wff'n Proof, a game developed by a Yale law professor, provides practice in abstract thinking and mathematical logic. In spite of its difficulty, or perhaps because of it, it is selling briskly.

That logic and math should equal fun and games is an odd proposition. But mathematical games, such as the ancient kalah—a game in which there is absolutely no element of chance—are fascinating the new game-playing generation.

Ten years ago only retired generals would have held still for a three-hour replay of the Battle of the Bulge but strategy games are also part of the think-games trend. The most sophisticated of the war games is Diplomacy, in which players rearrange the pre-World War I map of Europe by alliances, bargaining and skulduggery. Diplomacy doesn't exactly foster the Christmas spirit, but it's a remarkable game.

•

Rollette ($15), the gambling game on page 72, can be bought at V. C. Morris, 140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco. The stores that carry the games in the photographs are listed alphabetically: T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue, New York City; Boutique Caprice, Cross Keys Village Square, Baltimore; Buffum's, 209 East Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, Calif.; Cepelia, 5 East 57 Street, New York City; Gucci Shops Inc., 699 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Mark Cross, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Marshall Field, Chicago; Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Avenue, New York City; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Par Puzzles, 18 East 53 Street, New York City; Scarabaeus Ltd., 223 East 60 Street, New York City.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

THE REDCOATS RETURN TO BUCKS COUNTY

Late fall is a beautiful season in the Pennsylvania woods, but when the deer hunters come the beauty is best observed from a deep-dug foxhole or the steel safety of a tank ***by JOHN O'REILLY***

One day during deer season I was standing out in the yard wondering what not to do next when a hunter, short, round and swathed all in red like an armed Santa Claus, came down the dirt road that leads into my place. Clutching his rifle, he advanced cautiously, bending low as he followed some deer tracks made about two weeks earlier. Keeping this hunched-over posture, he made the turn and continued up my driveway.

Briefly he disappeared behind the smokehouse and the lilac bush, emerging with his eyes still fixed on those ancient tracks, as intent a Nimrod as you would ever hope to see. He was passing only 40 feet from me, and I stood quietly, wondering if he would crawl under my car when the trail led there. At this point he saw me. Rising erect, he stared as though I had just stepped out of a flying saucer. His jaw dropped as he took in my modest establishment: the house, the weathered barn, the lawn and the circular driveway.

Without a word he wheeled and ran back the way he had come as fast as his pudgy legs could carry him, vanishing over the little rise where the road leads down to neighbor Pratt's place.

"Aha!" I thought. (I often preface my thoughts that way.) "Farmer-sportsman relations must have taken a turn for the worse."

Just in case you are unaware of it, the farmer-sportsman problem has been with us since the invention of the barbed-wire fence. Reduced to its simplest terms, the controversy is this: the hunters demand the right to go onto the farmer's land and plug game, but the farmers usually

MICHAEL RAMUS

insist they stay out. State game departments attempt to bring the two together, and the question is often ironed out pretty well in convention symposiums, but under actual field conditions the irate farmer is still giving the hunter the old heave-ho

The location of my 26 acres gives me an excellent observation point from which to look at both sides in dubious battle. My land lies on the edge of a beautiful stretch of country, 1,735 acres of boulders, swamps, meadows and woods bearing the bucolic designation "State Games Lands No 56." Back during the Depression it was purchased by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania out of hunting-license fees for $10 or less per acre (just think of it) as a place for hunting minus the old farmer-sportsman problem Anybody with a license may hunt there.

Our family loves Bucks County and old No. 56. Although but 70 miles from Manhattan's towers, it is a respectable forest. In spring the wild columbine festoons the massive boulders. Other flowers bloom along the little streams, and nine species of frogs and toads provide music from late March until early June Over the years since No. 56 was set aside, many nongame as well as game animals have increased or come back. Even a pair of pileated woodpeckers are in residence near my house, although I have never found their nest. No. 56, as well as the surrounding countryside, has a goodly number of deer. We watch the does with their fawns all summer, and in the fall they come right into the yard to eat fallen apples.

Strangely enough, these woods with pleasant picnic spots, plenty of space for bird walks, nature study and other outdoor recreations are practically deserted all summer. Multiple use is not in effect here. Once in a while you may come upon a man with a pair of binoculars or, in early fall, a couple of elderly ladies looking for the fringed gentians that bloom in open glades, but generally the area is devoid of human life. Once my neighbor, S J Perelman, the writer, was apprehended in there When asked what he was doing, he muttered, "Taking a walk—eccentric," and disappeared into a hemlock motte.

I've never been able to understand the summer shunning of these beautiful woods. Perhaps it is because people must have things labeled these days Maybe if they put up some neon signs around the place saying NATURE WALKS ON THE INSIDE or WILDLIFE STUDY FREE they would get more customers than they could handle. But as it stands now the only time you see more than one person at a time there in summer is when you encounter a pair of shy young lovers in fond embrace.

On the opening day of deer-hunting season this sylvan solitude is shattered. At daybreak an army clad in red moves down the old woods road that passes my house. Most of them are not content with just a red coat but wear red pants, shirt and cap as well. Each armed with a rifle, they march into the woods singly and in small groups. A person might think that the British were back again. In fact, it was only a few miles below here that Washington crossed the Delaware.

I am not against hunting as such, but some of the methods and attitudes prevalent in these thickly settled areas of the East would have driven Daniel Boone into a monastery. Game-department officials agree that the traditional American concept of hunting, the hunter stalking and outwitting the wily game in the silence of the forest, no longer exists. These phalanxes of redcoats marching into the woods have a single purpose: to get a buck and get out with a whole skin.

They make themselves as obvious as possible, and well they might The woods are full of other redcoats, tense and eager, some of them novices literally trembling with buck fever. One method is to line up and drive the deer, the hunters beating on tin pans with such enthusiasm that you might suspect it was half time at a Chinese football game.

One neighbor of mine who had not hunted since his youth decided he would give it a try. He climbed up a tree near a

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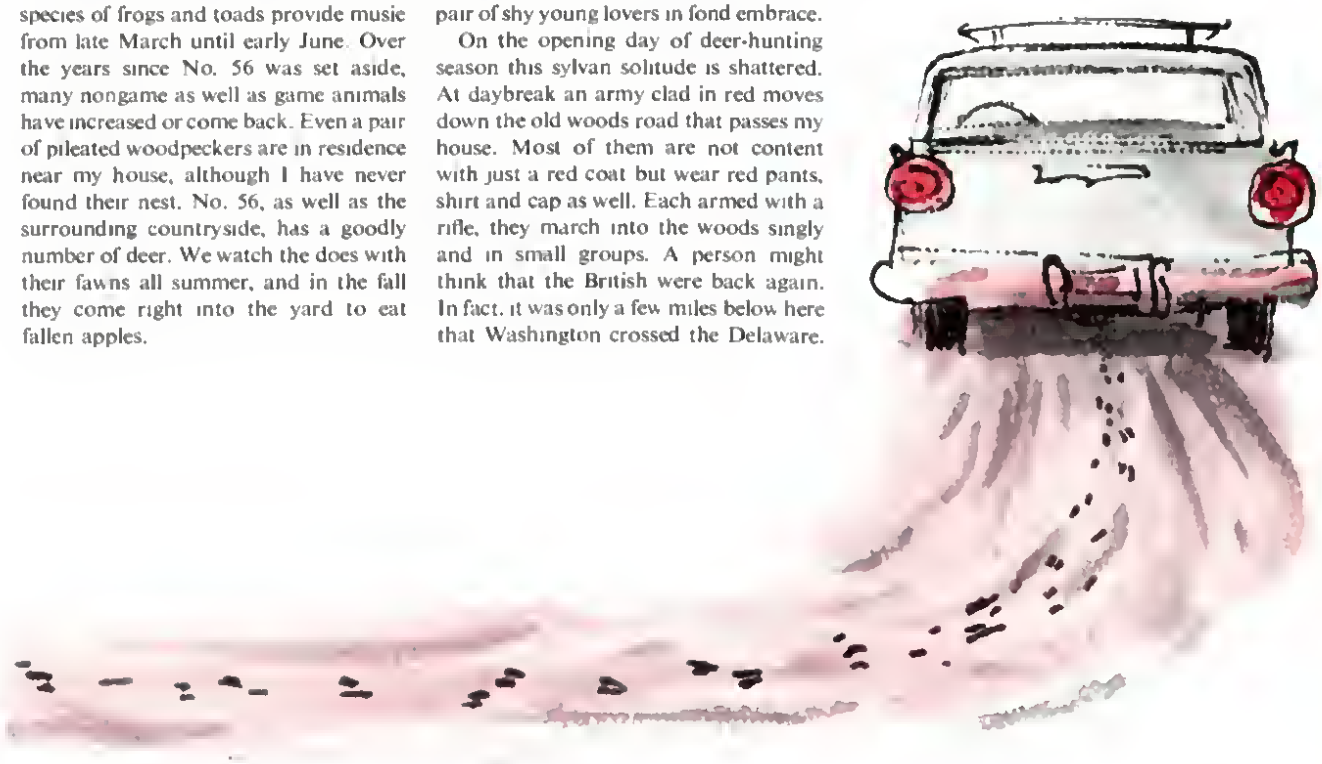


deer trail and got his buck all right, but getting it out of the woods was another problem. He and the lad helping him would carry the buck a piece, then drop it, talking loudly and at the same time watching for the gangs of other hunters, who by this time were on the prowl for deer alive or defunct. My friend described the trip as a period of downright terror and said, "Never again."

Another hunter found a solution of sorts. He was clothed in such fiery red that if he had had a tail he would have looked like the devil. Walking warily down the old road, he stopped at a point only 300 feet below my house. There he stood for three hours, his rifle at the ready, waiting in hopes that a buck would be driven out of the woods in his direction. My wife, who was cleaning the house, would glance out the window once in a while and grin. At one point she observed, "Looks like somebody erected a statue out there."

My wife used to regard the hunters with outspoken hate. A forthright woman, she invariably won the day in clashes involving the chase. One morning she heard a fusillade of shots and loud yells close by. Dashing out, she came upon a dying buck behind the barn. Half a dozen redcoats climbed over a stone wall and jogged toward her. Their one concern was that she might claim the buck.

"Honest, lady, we didn't shoot him here," one pleaded. "He jumped over the fence after we shot him."

"I don't care where you shot him. Take him away and be quick about it." Under her reproachful gaze the redcoats dragged their victim across the field and over the stone wall into No. 56.

Over the years, though, my wife's attitude toward the hunters has gradually mellowed. She has watched as they have fought snow and bitter cold, urged on by a passion beyond her understanding. They get lost, they have accidents and they hurt themselves. In small-game season they are forever losing their dogs, and their plaintive calls for old Rover can be heard far into the night. Their joy in the sport is shadowed by an abiding fear lest they, instead of the deer, become the victim. (And some of them do.)

My wife is no Diana, but she laughs at some of the things the hunters will do. They will snap to the alert on spotting tracks that are weeks old. They tear their britches crawling through fences. She remembers with glee a morning after the usual platoon of redcoats had advanced into No. 56. In the road just beyond neighbor Pratt's she came upon five deer. They had simply circled the hunters and were headed into a piece of posted land.

Now my wife's attitude toward the hunters has become one of amused pity. Recently she has even been seen chatting amiably with groups of them as they pass the house, an odd sight comparable to Carry Nation's having a sociable drink in a saloon.

Hunting accidents do occur in old 56 but, considering the number of hunters hereabouts, not nearly as frequently as might be expected. Local game officials say more hunters shoot themselves or each other during the small-game season when they hunt with shotguns than they do during deer season when they hunt with rifles. Most of the complaints from landowners involve hunting too close to houses or trespassing. Two neighbors whose places are located in an area where the deer move back and forth between No. 56 and the farmers' fields felt they were suffering undue gunfire one year and put up the following sign:

WARNING! HUNTERS KEEP OFF!

Anyone caught on the patrolled posted lands of the undersigned without written permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. The undersigned are sick and tired of having our families terrorized by irresponsible hunters.

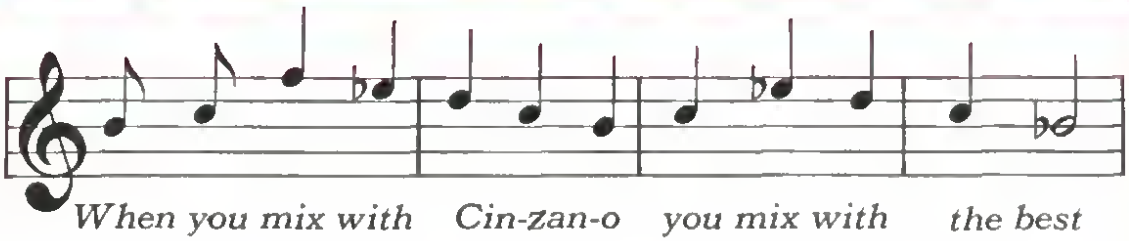
REASONS:

1. Mr. Mich has five bullet holes in his home and one bullet in his barn.
2. A neighboring house has a bullet hole through its window.
3. Mr. Damm has had two doors shot through in his home.

continued

MUSIC FOR LOVERS

of Gibsons, Martinis, Manhattans, Rob Roys, etc.



When you mix with Cin-zan-o you mix with the best

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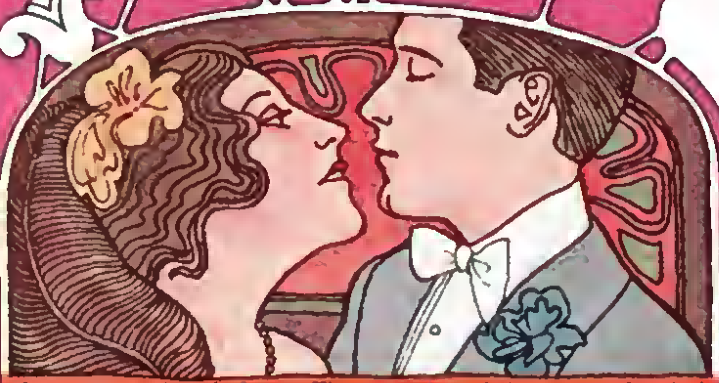

Cinzano specializes in lovers. Those who love their pleasure dry. And those who love it sweet. For the former, there's Cinzano's French Extra Dry Vermouth. Mixes beautifully. For the latter, Cinzano's exquisite Italian Sweet Vermouth. Irresistible all by itself. MORAL: Whatever your vermouth pleasure is, one sip and you'll be a Cinzano lover for life.

Your wife will be twice as safe this winter with 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

In a 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive, she's got twice the traction of ordinary station wagons...twice the "bite" in deep snow. And she's twice as safe on slippery streets. That same extra grip will take you off the road...up onto the ski slopes, hunting, or just plain exploring. Choice of engines: 'Vigilante' V-8, or new Hi-Torque 6. Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission, other power options. Your family will be safer on the highway...on city streets...or off the road...have more fun this winter, in a 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive.

NOW! THESE 10 SAFETY FEATURES ARE STANDARD:

- ☐ Seat belts front and rear
- ☐ Padded sun visors
- ☐ Padded dashboard
- ☐ High-impact windshield
- ☐ Outside rear-view mirror
- ☐ Dual brake system
- ☐ Self adjusting brakes
- ☐ 4-way warning flashers
- ☐ Back-up lights
- ☐ Windshield washer and dual-speed wipers

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO • OHIO

'Jeep' Wagoneer

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer.

4. One bullet hit alongside the window where Mrs. Mich was washing dishes.
5. Two bullets went over Mrs. Damm's head while hanging laundry.
6. One bullet plowed into the wall where Mrs. Mich's children were confined for safety reasons.
7. One bullet went between Mr. Mich and his father-in-law, embedding itself in the corn crib.
8. We would like to be able to work and walk on the land on which we pay our taxes.

C. A. Damm, Joseph Mich

Damm had the game protectors in. There was quite a hassle for a while, and farmer-sportsman relations sank to a new low. But during the last few years Damm's house has remained intact. He says the fact that a local gun club has posted the private land around him has helped to keep off irresponsible hunters. Now he uses the sign as the cover of an old well out behind his house.

Not all accidents are caused by firearms. One deer season a hunter in his 60s fell in the frozen swamp back of my place and broke his leg near the hip. His companions fiddled around for sometime trying to make a stretcher out of a small piece of rope and a couple of cedar poles. This didn't work, and they finally called an ambulance. When it came we took the stretcher down into the woods and carried him out. He had been lying on the frozen ground for two hours and, despite the sedative given him by the nurse, he kept up a running comment in a loud voice as we toted him along. "My old woman is going to give me hell for this," he kept shouting. Apparently there are terrors greater than hunting accidents.

If killing a deer is the sole object, the automobile is almost as effective as the rifle. In thickly settled areas such as ours, where numerous blacktop roads thread the fields and woodland, collisions between cars and deer occur at a high rate. Last year here in Bucks County 697 deer were killed by hunters, and in the same year 318 deer were killed accidentally and illegally, most of them by cars.

A single month's figures for the state indicate that deer are far from safe outside of hunting season. In October of last year 2,399 deer were known to have been killed in Pennsylvania. Of these 1,833 were killed by cars, 293 killed for crop damage, 66 killed by dogs and in falls or other natural accidents and 207 killed illegally.

Our local game protectors say that poaching is becoming a terrific problem. Most of the poachers can well afford to pay a fine, but apparently shooting deer illegally adds spice to the game. The worst of all are those who shoot them and leave the carcasses where they fall. These cases could be handled better by a psychiatrist than a game warden.

Poachers are still a minority in No. 56, and most hunters try to stick to the rules, their infractions resulting from overeagerness in a highly competitive sport. As deer season nears, their anticipation becomes evident, like that of children as Christmas approaches. They go out and practice with their guns, and they scout the woods for likely spots. Strangers stop by my place to ask about No. 56 in hopes of picking up valuable hints.

continued

If you want to STOP SMOKING here's how!

by Whitey Ford

The famous Major League pitcher who holds the most World Series records tells what happened when he decided smoking was not good for his physical fitness.

I talked to my doctor about smoking and he advised me to quit. I did. But it was hard. Then I heard about a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot to keep me from smoking. Now, when I feel like relapsing, I just take Bantron instead.

Bantron was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American University. Tests on hundreds of people showed that it helped more than 4 out of 5 of *all* people who wanted to stop smoking to do so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Bantron does not affect your taste, is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system, and curbs your desire for tobacco.

Try Bantron. You will be amazed at the results you get. It's so safe when taken as directed that you can get it at all drug stores without a prescription. Also available in Canada.

Bantron BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets ®

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When the great day comes they drop everything to go hunting, or "gunning," as most of them call it. They play hooky from their jobs, and it is hard to find anybody to do repairs. One day I phoned the plumber to cope with a bathroom emergency. He rebelled, plaintively explaining that he had promised to take his wife gunning. I said he could bring her along and they could hunt in No. 56. To my surprise they showed up, he did the job with rare speed and they set off into the woods with their guns. Usually during deer season you are lucky if they answer the phone.

I have seen only two or three female hunters around my place. The game protectors say that many more women get licenses than appear in the woods, the inference being that certain husbands like to have an extra deer tag on hand for obvious reasons.

But during the season the fever runs rampant among the males. They will suffer awful miseries to get their buck. And when they get one their pride is ill-concealed. They ride the deer around on their cars, and they hang it up for all to see. A buck hanging in the yard is a trophy commanding the highest respect. One neighbor, the late Sonny Bryan, used to have a big buck hanging in front of his house each year before the hunting season was an hour old. It was generally believed that he somehow tied the buck to a tree the night before.

One pair of hunters carried a young buck out of the woods with the animal trussed to a pole they had cut. To see their air of smug satisfaction, you would think they had found the Kohinoor diamond back in the swamp. They untied the deer, and one of them held the pole in a moment of indecision. Then he threw it at my feet like a rich toff tossing a coin to a cabbie, saying, "You can have the pole." Why he thought I would want that bloody pole I will never know.

But only a small percentage of the redcoats are able to toss the pole as a gesture of success. Some of them hunt for years without getting their buck. As the woods and fens of old No. 56 echo to rifle shots and the deer sprint from thicket to thicket, I often talk to the hunters who come back to warm up in their cars or to eat lunch. They complain about all the private land being posted, about the great number of hunters, about the weather and the scarcity of bucks.

Those who are able are fleeing before the urban sprawl to places like Canada. Our section is about to be gobbled up by the megalopolis. More and more houses are being built, and the farms are being broken up into small plots. More people means more hunters, and old No. 56 is under heavier pressure than ever before. Ed Flexer, our local state-game manager, Bill Lockett, our game protector, and their men try to help conditions by improving the game lands and enforcing the law, but as far as the hunting fraternity is concerned the outlook is not encouraging. As one wise old Nimrod said to me, "God keeps making more hunters, but he ain't making any more land for them to hunt on." END

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Now live a little!

Her book is finished—*Any Child Can Swim*—and now, if a publisher is interested, **Eleanor Holm** is ready to talk terms. The champagne-imbibing Olympic swimmer of the early '30s is back from an all-bases-covered trip to Europe ("I even took a look at the Tower of Pisa"). She paddles 50 laps a day in her Miami Beach apartment house pool, and she's studying golf under the pro who taught Jack Nicklaus a thing or two, Jack Grout. "So far I'm not too apt," said Eleanor, "In fact, I'm lousy at the game. I can't hit my hat."

He has a Rolls-Royce and "some other cars," but for fundamental locomotion nothing suits Britain's Sir **Ralph Richardson** better than his 750-cc. Norton motorcycle—the one he had out for a blurring tear with his wife and dog aboard. There's that strange excitement to be had that you find nowhere else, said the 62-year-old actor. "As in skiing, you have to *will* yourself round the corners."

There stood Australia's **Herb Elliott** (*below*) like a horse being fitted to harness. And, while the country's television audience looked on aghast, technicians in white coats attached the end of a giant roll of paper tape to a contraption around Elliott's waist and fussed with a bank of ball-point pens poised to write lines as the tape unrolled. Then, on a signal, his spiked running shoes bit into the seaside sand, and the man who holds the 1,500-meter world record headed down the beach with the paper tailing along behind. And what did it all prove? That the BIC ball-point pen, when some others had gone bone dry, kept on "writing, writing, writing," and that Herb Elliott had a good idea where his next $1,300 was coming from.

The idea of the movie, see, is that **Jack Lemmon** is this TV cameraman who's assigned to cover the Cleveland Browns-Minnesota Vikings football game, and while he's aiming his camera a certain Cleveland halfback, Boom-Boom Jackson, knocks him range finder over teakettle—so he sues Boom-Boom, the Browns and, for good measure, the city of Cleveland, too. The real Browns were paid $150 apiece the other day to play make-believe football for the film sequence, and **Art Modell**, who owns them and ought to know, watched and said sadly: "That's the best they've blocked all year."

The squabble out on the Miami sidewalk was between English-speaking police and a Spanish-speaking bar patron, so **Pedro Ramos**, a New York Yankee relief pitcher who is accustomed to rushing to the rescue, suddenly found himself interposed in the midst of things as a volunteer interpreter. Trouble was, one of the cops didn't *want* a volunteer interpreter and felt obliged to arrest Ramos for disturbing his peace. The charge didn't hold up in court, but it left Ramos more shaken than if he had walked in the winning run.

A sports program for 2,100 mentally retarded children in Boston public schools was off to a happy start as **Eunice Shriver** donated $15,000 from the Kennedy Foundation. "My sister Rosemary Kennedy, although retarded, could swim as well as the rest of us," said Mrs. Shriver, "and she was good at sailing and dancing. Her physical abilities formed a basis for a closer family relationship." Trusting that similar physical accomplishments may be developed in other children, the foundation will begin by providing phonographs and marching records, jump ropes, beanbags, quoits and bowling sets.

What he liked about it was the excitement, said the dashing old air commando, Colonel **Philip G. Cochran**, who swooped into prominence during World War II in North African skies (and, as Flip Corkin of *Terry and the Pirates*, in the funny papers of the same era). Now that he had given the matter 10 years of careful study, he meant to go into Thoroughbred racing in a big-time way. Accordingly, four brood mares and four horses would be moved from the colonel's place in Erie, Pa. to a new breeding farm in Ocala, Fla. But Cochran said he would stay with the trucking business in Erie. How, then, asked the cub reporter, could he keep an eye on things in Ocala? "Remember," said the silver-haired hero, "there are such things as airplanes."

Everybody keeps wondering just how good is **Sandy Koufax?** "He's as good as Elvis Presley," says **Hank Saperstein**, the nation's foremost name merchandiser. A name merchandiser is someone who makes big heroes even bigger by spreading their names around (on things like cap guns and girdles), and while Saperstein thinks highly of such other classy clients as Wyatt Earp and Debbie Reynolds, he thinks Koufax is in the "superhero" class. "It's chemistry," says Hank. "He's a bachelor and he's handsome, so women dig him. He's a great athlete, so men dig him. He's quiet and confident, but not boastful, so kids dig him." Saperstein, who can foresee total sales ranging up to $25 million a year in Koufax apparel, Koufax foods, Koufax shaving lotion and Koufax bank savings accounts, digs him the most.

There was never doubt that **Rocky Marciano** was a heavyweight through and through, nor, judging from the Henry VIII breakfast clutter in his London hotel suite (*below*), that he would go on that way for some time to come. The former champion was in England as a guest of the Anglo-American Sporting Club, which fancies banquet prizefights in hotel ballrooms. Rocky, after taking in one of these fistic feasts, observed pleasantly, if pointedly, of the classic English stance: "Your boxers have style—plenty of style—but they're all the same. They're not natural."

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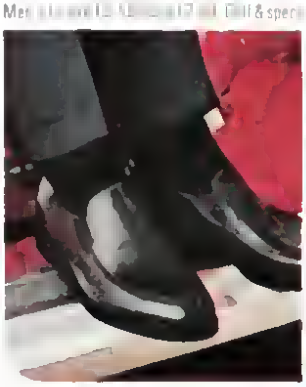

Escape mechanism.

Rest assured, our dinner-jacketed escapist explored all the conventional methods beforehand—he fished, he read science fiction, he even tried sky diving—but still his everyday world bound him in.

Then one day he saw it—the Corvette; all red and shiny and hungry-looking—just sitting there. And when its owner took him aside and counseled him on the fact that this was America's only true sports car, what with its independent suspension, disc brakes and all, he was wild to drive it. And when he did, he learned that this one had the new 427-cubic-inch Turbo-Jet V8, and—well, he would order his that way, too. The 425-hp version.

Suddenly he knew he had found what he had been searching for all along. "Say," he asked the owner, "what's a girl like you doing in a car like this?"

"Confidentially," she said, "I find it an excellent attention-getting device."

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BOXING / *Martin Kane*

The bitter end for Sugar Ray

Five times the middleweight champion, Ray Robinson discovers at 45 that it is far better to retire than to keep struggling for the unattainable

The plan had been for Sugar Ray Robinson to work up through the ranks once more and thus earn his way into what would have been his 16th middleweight championship fight. Only Sugar Ray, and perhaps some of his idolatrous entourage, believed in the plan. He had won that 160-pound championship five times, more than any other man, and the welterweight title once, and he thought that at the age of 45 he could do it again. He must have believed it or else he would not have fought nine times last year and 13 this year, losing to nonentities in the Altoonas of boxing and winning against unknowns, taking his lumps on each occasion for a $1,000 purse here, $2,000 there. A great mystery was made of why he bothered with the travail of training, put up with the one-night stands in tank towns or endured those inglorious lickings he took from fighters who will never fight in Madison Square Garden, Yankee Stadium or Las Vegas.

He did not need the money. The Internal Revenue Service recently turned over to him $344,000 it had withheld, against taxes, since 1957. Robinson owns property in Cleveland and Chicago, having sold his Harlem holdings. He has contracts to make two movies, one a Western, the other a war picture. He is well-fixed financially. In the end, you had to believe that he was striving honestly for a title fight.

He came surprisingly close to getting it. Last week Joey Archer, a fine boxer with but a modest punch, stood between Sugar Ray and an opportunity to meet the middleweight champion, Dick Tiger. If he were to defeat Archer, the No. 1 contender in most ratings—and one good left hook would do it—Sugar Ray would all but surely have earned a sixth chance at the middleweight crown despite his 45 years. So, on a Wednesday night in Pittsburgh, he faced the blue-eyed, broken-nosed Archer before a crowd of 9,023, many of them oldtimers who fondly remembered Robinson in his glory days, and among them a sprinkling of younger men who wanted to see what the legend was about.

Robinson weighed 160 pounds, Archer a pound less. Under the lights of the television cameras at the weigh-in ceremony the tiny, well-healed scars at the outer corner of each of Sugar's eyes could be seen. But there were no other marks to show for his 25 years of prize-fighting and 198 bouts. Outwardly his body was as sleek as ever and his waist as trim. What remained inside would be seen that night.

Archer is a superior boxer. He has a classic jab, some effective feints and good footwork. He has lost only once in 47 fights. He has been knocked down but once, too, in one of his early matches, and then only his knee touched the canvas.

As soon as the fight started it became clear that both men intended to follow the same plan—but for quite different reasons. Robinson came out intent on winning early, presumably because he has learned that his aging legs no longer serve him well in the late rounds. Archer's strategy was much the same, for he wanted to press Robinson at all times, and thus drain Sugar Ray of whatever stamina he had as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

With both men charging at each other, it started as an interesting fight and it remained one, even though there was little doubt about the result after the first few rounds. What had happened to Robinson's timing showed with the first hook he threw. It was a long, powerful swing, delivered from far back, precisely the hook with which he knocked out Gene Fullmer in the 1957 title fight, except that it missed Archer's chin by five inches. A minute or so later Robinson tried the hook again and missed again. Archer jabbed and faded out of range,

continued

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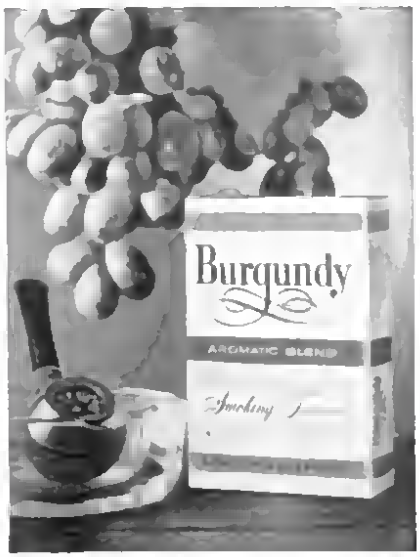

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jabbed and faded repeatedly, once scoring prettily with a combination to body and head.

The Robinson strategy still was operative in the second round, and this time it worked a bit better. He started out with a left and right to Archer's body. Joey is one who fights back, and he drove Robinson almost to the ropes with a flurry of head punches. His older brother, Jimmy, who manages and trains him, saw that Archer's temper was showing and shouted at him from the corner. "Loose, Joey," he commanded. "Stick! Stick! Loosen up, Joey!" The moment of danger passed. Joey went back to his jab, and Sugar missed with a right and left. Those misses opened the way for Archer to land eight quick punches to the head, but all were too high to be damaging.

Now it was the third round, and Robinson still was trying for the big punch. He had one hook blocked, he landed a right to the body, and then, with a single brilliant flash of his old talents, caught Archer with a very good hook, closed with him and, as they stood toe to toe, scored with a flurry.

But that was the end. Early in the fourth, after Archer had hooked him twice and landed some light jabs, Sugar missed with a big right hand. A look of concern came over his face. Archer was jabbing and moving, and Robinson was missing with rights and lefts. Then, suddenly, Archer landed a left to the head and followed it immediately with a long right. Sugar Ray went down on the seat of his white silk trunks, rolled to his side and, dazed, took a nine-count resting on one knee. Now Sugar and everyone knew that his fight plan had failed, and so had his grand plan. The last time the light-hitting Archer had knocked a man down was in 1960.

The rest of the fight was nothing but the last steps down for a gallant Robinson. He all but hit the canvas again in the sixth and once again in the seventh, looked better in the eighth and slugged it out with Archer in the ninth. In the last minute of the 10th round men at ringside were standing and pleading, "Don't hit him again, Joey! That's enough!" As the fighters awaited the decision after the final bell tears welled into Robinson's bloodshot eyes. There was a tiny cut, a mere scratch, on his right cheekbone. His nose was ruddy from all those jabs. He was breathing heavily. His legs were leaden. He knew.

It had been a long and glorious trail for Sugar Ray Robinson, who just may have been the best fighter ever. His skills were exquisite, his punch superb, his courage unsurpassed. But, as he had just learned, there always comes a day when only the courage remains.

The soft-spoken Archer held court in his dressing room.

"He's a tough guy," Archer said. "He is one of the cagiest old guys in boxing. He feints—most fighters today can't do that. He is the greatest fighter I ever saw among the middleweights."

And in a nearby room, the bleary-eyed Robinson was refusing to concede that he had fought his last.

"I want to get a night's sleep before I make up my mind," he said.

Next afternoon at the airport, waiting for a plane to take him back to New York, Sugar Ray smiled wanly, hunched his black leather, hip-length coat about his shoulders and said that retirement was the only course open to him now.

"But we have this offer of a return bout with Archer," one of his followers protested.

"Aw, what would be the point?" Robinson said. END

DOWNED by a right in the fourth, a dazed, kneeling Robinson awaits the count of nine.

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The French ride to the rescue

Only second-stringers came over from Paris, but they saved the day at Laurel, transforming a mighty dull prospect into a razzle-dazzle race

Before the 14th running of the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel last week, the race had all the earmarks of a $150,000 dud. The best American horses, or at least those with the best chances at a mile and a half on grass, were either unable to start or uninvited. And the best contenders from South America, Italy and Russia, for one reason or another, were also missing. The final starting field of seven did not send turf historians scurrying off in search of superlatives.

Then, as so often happens when you get a mixed bag of horses going a classic distance, the race turned into a thriller. The two French colts, Diatome and Carvin, finished a skimpy nose apart after a sparkling stretch run during which any of five horses had a fair shot at the money, and the whole look of international racing received a global face-lifting. This was France's fourth victory in the International and balanced the record at seven wins for U.S. horses, seven for foreigners.

Some conclusions could be drawn immediately upon the playing of *La Marseillaise* in the peaceful Maryland countryside. The first is that the current crop of French 3-year-olds may be the best ever in a country whose domination of European racing is becoming more evident each season. Diatome, beaten 11 lengths by Sea Bird and five lengths by Reliance in the recent Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe—in short, the third best colt in France—was the winner at Laurel. Carvin, eighth in the Arc and 24 lengths behind Sea Bird, beat our Roman Brother by more than a length. The other U.S. representative, Hail to All, was back in fifth place behind the Canadian champion, George Royal. Even if Roman Brother and Hail to All were not the right selections for the International, it is clear that Sea Bird, now at stud duty at Darby Dan Farm in Kentucky, must be a rare champion indeed.

A corollary point is made by U.S. Racing Expert Charles Hatton: "While we are busy introducing American gadgetry into European racing, we ought to examine the reasons why France has been breeding and developing the world's best classic Thoroughbreds during the last several decades. The French have taken the blood of our Hanover through Frizette, and our Domino and Fair Play through Relic and Dan Cupid, and England's St. Simon through Rabelais, and have improved the breed beyond its development at home. Isn't it possible we can learn something from them?"

One thing we can do right away, especially if the French continue sending over proven grass runners to compete at Laurel, is to choose our own International entries on the basis of their form on turf. Braulio Baeza, who rode Roman Brother last week, said after the race, "My horse tried hard—but he's no turf horse." (It is also true that Baeza probably cooked his own goose when he elected to run head-and-head for the first mile with England's Super Sam.) Jockey John Sellers said simply, "Hail to All got tired."

If any horse should have become tired or discouraged during the Laurel running it was Diatome. Jockey Jean Deforge got Diatome into a perfect blind switch on the backstretch and was behind four horses turning for home. That he was able to extricate himself at all from this desperate position during the run to the wire speaks more for the ability of the colt than for Deforge's tactical judgment. Still, when it was over, the French were all hugs, kisses and smiles. Diatome's owner, Baron Guy de Rothschild, who needed the $90,000 purse like he needs another uranium mine, said politely, "It was a privilege to be invited, and I am overwhelmingly delighted to have won." We should be overwhelmingly delighted that the good Baron helped the Laurel International escape a rating in history as a very grim afternoon. END

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With all horses go, the U.S. swings into a high orbit

Riding circles around its competitors at New York's Madison Square Garden, the U.S. team made the best National in years truly national

For the first time in years, thanks to the highly articulate announcing of Victor Hugo-Vidal Jr. (a new man at the public-address microphone), spectators at the National Horse Show knew exactly what was going on at all times. And there was plenty going on. The best National in years climaxed its eight days at New York's Madison Square Garden with a sizzling competition that well displayed the extraordinary talents of two superb horsemen, professional trainer Ben O'Meara and the U.S. Equestrian Team's Bill Steinkraus. In separate divisions each had to win the last event in order to win the championship, and both, after jump-offs of a completely different nature, succeeded.

The 26-year-old O'Meara, who blazed onto the scene like the Ikeya-Seki Comet about four years ago when his gelding Jacks or Better was a standout, has dominated the open class at the National for the last three years. In 1963 O'Meara's Untouchable (now owned by Patrick Butler and on loan to the USET) was champion. Last year O'Meara won again with The Hood (now owned by Gail Ross of the Canadian Equestrian Team).

As this year's National approached, Ben found himself on foot. He hastily purchased some jumpers. One was Gray Lady, a mare with an undistinguished past who, when the show got under way, did not appear destined for a more inspiring future. She finished sixth in her first class. But, chasing his competitors like Aesop's tortoise, O'Meara kept his unpromising mare steadily in the money throughout the week, and when the stake started she was tied with Chance Hill Farm's Sure Thing for third place. In first was Patrick Butler's In My Cap, a green jumper that Butler purchased this summer on the advice of the USET's Kathy Kusner. Second was Danny Lopez' Australis, who already had won the PHA Championship, an honor awarded on points accumulated at shows throughout the year. But O'Meara, in that final and decisive class, had one big thing going for him: he was riding last; and—given no faults—time would be the deciding factor in the second jump-off.

Australis went first. She covered the course in a blistering 36.5 seconds but pulled down a pole. The next horse was slower and also knocked a rail down. Sure Thing, another contender for the honors, had a rail down as well as a refusal. All Benny had to do was go clean. Taking an all-or-nothing chance, he ignored the clock and started the course slowly, riding wide turns and setting the mare up carefully for each fence. At one point Gray Lady rapped a pole hard, and it rattled in its cups but did not drop. Benny lifted his mare coolly over the last fences and into first place in a deliberate 68.3 seconds. Stake winner and champion at last, she had narrowly defeated Australis. Patrick Butler was hardly disconsolate—for a green horse his In My Cap had put on quite a performance.

Another green horse who had a spectacular week was Snowbound, ridden by Bill Steinkraus. Snowbound's performance made him stand out as prominently among the U.S. riders as the U.S. team did over its competition.

Actually the U.S. had little international competition. There may have been a valid excuse for this on the part of Argentina, whose horses were in far from prime form after spending 30 days at sea and missing the Pennsylvania

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National at Harrisburg. The other foreign teams had no such handy alibi. Their lack, however, was more than made up for by the spirited American intrateam battle. Frank Chapot, on Mrs. John A. T. Galvin's San Lucas, tied the 1963 Puissance record set by Tommy Gayford on Blue Beau at a towering 7 feet 1 inch. Steinkraus and Snowbound were in turn tied with Chapot, but Steinkraus withdrew his gelding from the final jump-off that night. Both were members of the same team and using horses belonging to the same family (Snowbound is on loan from the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne—nee Patricia Galvin); but Steinkraus was more interested in saving his horse than winning. "I'm not going to take on San Lucas and maybe get Snowbound hurt," he said. "At the moment Snowbound doesn't know there is anything he can't do. I don't want to get him in a bad wreck and shake his confidence. Right now he's jumping like a kitten, flexible and relaxed. He hasn't learned the precision of a cat."

On the show's final night, however, Snowbound behaved more like a tiger than either a cat or a kitten, and critics who have claimed that Bill Steinkraus is more of an intellcetual rider than a do-or-die competitor had to revise their opinions. Only the four U.S. riders were involved in the jump-off, and the first two, Mary and Frank Chapot, had knockdowns. The course was extremely tight, with sharp turns and angled fences. Kathy Kusner, an all-out competitor who was tied with Steinkraus for individual honors, had a clean trip and a good time of 41.2 seconds. So it was up to Bill, against a clean round and the clock.

From the second he passed through the timer it was apparent he was going all out. Snowbound skidded slightly but recovered and cleared the fence, then went into a sharp turn, his hind quarters slipping completely from under him. Billy went out of the saddle, lost his hat and almost lost his horse. But rider and horse recovered in a split second, angled into the next fence and were clean the rest of the way. They finished nearly three seconds ahead of Kathy.

"You know," one expert observer remarked later, "even without his stirrups and making that wild ride Billy still looked just like Billy. Absolutely the calm, picture rider." END

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Finding the Trials guilty

Eighteen pairs of the country's best bridge players are competing in San Francisco this week to see which three partnerships will represent the U.S. in the 1966 World Championships in St. Vincent, Italy next April. The contenders earned their way into the U.S. Team Trials through recent tournament performances, and there is reason to think that as a group they are the strongest field of candidates we have ever assembled. However, the chance is remote that the Trials will produce the strongest possible U.S. team. The odds are that at least one of the one-two-three finishers will be long shots whose automatic qualification is going to weaken our championship chances, not only because of their playing deficiencies but because the team captain will not have confidence in them and will overwork his other two pairs.

Last year I said the same thing after the Trials, and I was much criticized by friends of some of the selectees who accused me of everything from personal prejudice to lack of patriotism. I did not bother to reply that I have always been prejudiced in favor of skill and victory, and I still am. The fact remains—and our recent performances in World Championships bear me out—that we have yet to come up with a suitable system for selecting our team.

There is, of course, no perfect system. But I believe our chances would improve if we qualified as many as six top pairs and then left it up to the captain to decide which three pairs would make up his team. Other countries follow a variety of systems, most better than ours. Recently the Philippines, for example, held a 14-session qualifying round among 11 pairs, narrowed their field to four and then had those play a prolonged round robin to see which three would represent their country. The hand shown here occurred when two of the

continued

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best Philippine pairs met, José Reyes-Vicente Reyes and Robert Yap-Stephen Chua. It shows, among other things, that they know how to play the game in Manila.

The Reyes are a father-and-son pair, and it was son Vicente who made a wise decision when he did not double five clubs in spite of what could be three fast tricks. In fact, as declarer he would have brought home his five-heart contract if Chua had not brilliantly recovered from an earlier slip.

East-West vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 7 6
♥ Q J 5 3
♦ 8 6 3 2
♣ 8 7

WEST
♠ K
♥ 10 8 7
♦ K Q 10 9 5 4
♣ K 9 4

EAST
♠ 8 5 4 2
♥ 6
♦ A
♣ A Q 10 6 5 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A Q J 10 3
♥ A K 9 4 2
♦ J 7
♣ J

WEST (*Yap*)	NORTH (*J. Reyes*)	EAST (*Chua*)	SOUTH (*V. Reyes*)
PASS	PASS	4 ♣	4 ♠
5 ♣	PASS	PASS	5 ♥
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead. 4 of clubs

After winning the first club trick, East could have assured the defeat of the contract by cashing his ace of diamonds. Indeed, had he then continued clubs, South would probably have taken a losing spade finesse and gone down two. Instead—perhaps with the idea of having a reentry with which to give partner a spade ruff—East shifted to a spade. Fearing that East held a singleton, declarer went up with the spade ace and, to his joy, dropped the blank king.

South hastened to draw three rounds of trumps so that he could run the good spades. Meanwhile, if East had failed to realize his danger, South could have trumped dummy's second club and, having stripped East of spades, declarer could have thrown him in with the ace of diamonds. East would have to lead clubs, giving declarer a ruff and sluff, enabling him to get rid of a diamond loser. However, on the second trump lead, Chua made the spectacular discard of the ace of diamonds. As a result, declarer had to lose two diamond tricks for down one, doubled. **END**

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SAM'S PIGEONS DON'T LEAVE NUTHIN' FOR NOBODY

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

Sometimes called poor man's polo, the seemingly gentle hobby of raising and racing pigeons often brings out the beast in its enthusiasts, even though the winning purse for a race is usually peanuts. One man who every year wins a lot of peanuts in the East is Sam De Lucio of Wappingers Falls

CONTINUED

Sam De Lucia creamed the guys in the Bronx. He blitzed Brooklyn and whipped Maspit, Long Guyland. He clobbered Peekskill and walloped Newburgh, and he did it all with his pigeons —racing pigeons. Sam De Lucia's birds were so good that he, in his own words, "was leavin' nuthin' for nobody," and so he got kicked out of the Peekskill Racing Pigeon Club, and then he got thrown out of Newburgh when the boys in the racing club there suddenly decided to redraw the membership boundary lines. "This constant winnin' they didn't like," says Sam. To which his wife, Mil, adds, "Once you start winnin' in pigeons, you're the most hated person in the world. Right away they think you're crooked. I never came across a buncha yella bellies like some of those pigeon-fliers! They stink! And I tell 'em."

Nowadays Sam races his birds out of the Mid Hudson Valley Club in Wappingers Falls, N.Y. His birds still win, but the clubhouse is in an old barn on his property. Sam and Mil live on 40 acres of chicken farm. For a dozen years Sam raised white leghorns. He is fascinated by the breeding of birds, be they chickens or pigeons, and for a three-year stretch he had the most 300-egg hens of any chicken farmer in the state. But by profession Sam, who is 55, is a bricklayer. Mil works as a "white angel," a receptionist, in a dormitory at Vassar in nearby Poughkeepsie. "Some angel!" exclaims Sam.

Because of the very nature of pigeon racing, what with the homing instinct of the bird for its individual loft and differences in terrain and wind conditions, the sport has no one man to proclaim as the best in the country. There is, in other words, no Babe Ruth in pigeon racing. Instead, there are any number of small giants scattered across the country, such as Joe Dutko of Trenton, N.J., Charles Heitzman of Jeffersontown, Ky., F. T. Schoefield of Morrisville, Pa., Roy Hatchard of St. Louis, Roland Eastwood of Miami, I. R. Mitchell of Dallas and Sam De Lucia of Wappingers Falls. Both in and out of New York City, Sam has had success year after year. There are some city fliers who disparage Sam—"Where's the competition flyin' against only eight or nine lofts in some peewee club upstate?" asks one Bronx critic scathingly—and there are those who think well of his efforts. "Sam is a wonderful pigeon man," says Ben Watson, president of the International Federation of Homing Pigeon Fanciers, Inc. "Sam De Lucia, well, he really knows when a pigeon is in condition. Now, I wouldn't know Sam De Lucia by sight if I tripped over him, but certain friends I have speak very well of him. He has a vast knowledge of pigeons that many fliers would like to have."

Sam is aware of the criticisms that have come his way: indeed, while attending various pigeon conventions he has often heard them voiced by fliers who wouldn't know him by sight if they tripped over him either. Whenever Sam De Lucia hears Sam De Lucia being criticized at such a gathering, he moves boldly into the conversation where, without introducing himself, he will point out that Sam De Lucia has never, not ever, lost a futurity race since 1934 and that Sam De Lucia has raised some marvelous birds which are in some of the best lofts in the country. Should the critics persist by knocking Sam De Lucia's lack of competition in some peewee club outside of New York City, Sam will point out that Sam De Lucia used to race in New York, and when he did he was leavin' nuthin' for nobody. Why, in 1936, for instance, Sam will point out, Sam De Lucia won the 150-mile and 300-mile united concourses competing against 8,000 birds in each race. Sam is prepared to cite more facts and figures, but at this point his critics usually ask how come he knows so much about Sam De Lucia. "'Cause I *am* Sam De Lucia!" Sam shouts. And Sam adds, "When I say this, they hang their heads like sheep or something and go away embarrassed. Not that I go around braggin' or anything, but I don't like to hear that I haven't been in competition!"

Sam has upward of 200 racing pigeons in three lofts on his farm, and the birds keep him busy all year round. The racing season for old birds runs from April through July, and the season for young birds lasts from August through

continued

WIL BLANCHE

Prior to a club race, Sam and Mil set the time clocks. When a pigeon reaches home, the owner removes the countermark and drops it into the clock to record the bird's time.

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October. Throughout the years Sam has stuck mainly with two varieties of pigeons, Sions and Stassarts. These are only two of almost 200 varieties of pigeons that have been developed for homing or fancy strains. Among other homers are Huyskens Van Riels, Bricoux, Pletiniks, Ameels, De Weerds, Bastins and Wegges, all of which were developed in Belgium, the leading pigeon-racing country in the world.

Breeds of fancy birds include satinettes, pouters, rollers, tumblers, tipplers, and kings. Kings are raised and killed at 28 days for squab, while satinettes and pouters are fancy show birds. Tipplers are bred to fly for endurance. Tippler fanciers vie with one another to see who can develop birds that can sustain flight the longest. The world record belongs to one Jack Cockayne of Sheffield, England, who flew three old birds 19 hours and 35 minutes. Tumblers literally tumble in flight, and in the U.S. fanciers have bred "parlor" tumblers that will do their stuff inside a room two feet off the floor. Rollers actually roll in flight. According to *The Pigeon* the authoritative study by Wendell M. Levi, a South Carolina fancier, a good roller rolls in unbroken sequence while airborne. However, it is bad form for a roller to "twizzle" by trying to touch its tail feathers with its beak.

Part of a racing-pigeon flier's time is taken up in explaining that his birds, which are coddled and protected in lofts, are not responsible for ornithosis, a virus pneumonia sometimes found in park pigeons. Among fliers, the common park pigeons are often known as "commies," and editorials in the racing-pigeon press are sometimes given over to denouncing the commies that loiter on the ledges of public buildings. Sam De Lucia is second to none in his condemnation of park birds. "Those there common pigeons really do mess things up for other pigeons," he says. "Those common birds are livin' under conditions of starvation and filth, and it's no wonder they can get diseased."

Although carrier pigeons go back to antiquity—the Assyrians are said to have

continued

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used them in war—the racing of pigeons is a modern development, starting in the early 19th century in Brussels and Antwerp, where stockbrokers sought to get faster news from the London and Paris exchanges. By 1850 pigeon racing was solidly established in Belgium, and Charles Dickens wrote, "The members of the Antwerp Pigeon Training Society were citizens of the middle class of Society, but in Belgium pigeon-training has its attractions even for persons of rank and wealth, many of whom are enthusiastic pigeon fanciers; indeed, pigeon flying is as fashionable an amusement in Belgium as horse-racing in England. Prizes consisting of sums of money as high as sixty thousand francs are frequently won in matches of pigeons, to say nothing of the betting to which those matches give occasion."

The siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, when pigeons were used to carry messages, gave further impetus to an interest in the birds, and racing spread to Britain and the U.S. In New York, the center of enthusiasm in this country, it also took hold as a sort of polo of the poor. New York City remains the hotbed of racing pigeons, but sociologists have never been able to explain why the sport was and is mainly the interest of working-class people, with a curious admixture of restaurant owners and doctors, almost always Irish, Italian or Jewish. In the city, men with names like Artic, Dinty, Tim, Sal and Sol have sat on rooftops, seemingly for generations, talking pigeons, and for year after year their ranks have been recruited from armies of small boys sneaking up for a look at the lofts.

Sam De Lucia comes from this rich racing-pigeon world. Born in Brooklyn, raised on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, he was the first of five children. His father was a tailor. "My mother, she brought us up right," Sam says, "I'd kiss her feet any day. I never regret the lickin's she gave us. If I came home cryin' from a fight in the street, my mother would just slap me and then ask questions. And if she thought I was wrong, she'd give me more. I wish there were more parents like her, to tell you the truth. I remember once my sister found

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WOOL

a roll of bills in the street. She didn't dare bring it home. That's the sort of family we were. I'll go back to the old days any day. You didn't see kids smokin' reefers and stuff like that."

Sam was about 9 when he became interested in pigeons. "There was this fella who had 'em up on the roof," he recalls. "We lived up on the top floor and, naturally, as a kid, you keep wantin' to go upstairs to see what's on the roof. And I did, and there were these pigeons. I got chased the first coupla times, and then he saw that I was interested, and I just started bein' with the birds all the time. When I was 16, I started racin' birds, and when I was 19 I started trainin' them for other people."

After Sam finished the eighth grade at P.S. 19, he went to work as a bricklayer for a couple of uncles who were in the contracting business. In his teens Sam made $77 a week, and every week he brought home his pay to his parents, *who gave him 50¢ allowance and filled* the tank of his car with gas so he could drive birds over to Jersey for training flights. "But when I got married," Sam says, "my parents furnished everything." Sam married Mildred Bisulca, of Italian and Greek extraction. "We lived in the same neighborhood," he says. "She liked the birds. You know what she always says, that every person has to have a hobby, otherwise they might go astray. A lotta people come here to see the birds, and sometimes the wife will say to Mil, 'Oh, I wish my husband would get rid of the birds.' And Mil says, 'I don't mean to go pokin' into your business, but when you look out the window where do you see your husband? With the birds, right? Better that than not see him and wonder if he's gettin' into some mischief.'"

During the mid- and late 1930s, Sam did very well racing in the Bronx, Mount Vernon, Corona and Maspeth clubs. "It was like I had a gift," he says. He was written up in a pigeon magazine "on how," he says, "I come to the top so fast and beat some of the oldtimers. I trained for Pete Hellrich, Red McWilliams and Sam Bergman. Oh, I could name names. Sam Bergman was a very famous flier. He had a restaurant down

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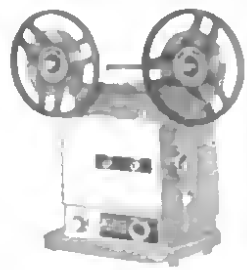

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on the lower West Side. I remember one race he said to me, 'I won't ship any birds for this race. Your birds are in perfect condition, and they'll win one, two, three.' Sam Bergman really knew birds. But I told him to ship his birds, that I would stay out. So then I meet a trainer for a big millionaire. I won't mention names, but he started needlin' me that I was afraid of certain birds in this race. Things get hotter, so finally I called Jimmy Laino, who was then my partner, and I said ship the birds. I forgot all about what I told Sam Bergman. Well, on the day of the race, I was up in the Bronx with Greenbaum, a personal friend of Sam Bergman's—I've always been with the best fliers—and Greenbaum gets a call from Sam Bergman. Sam Bergman says, 'Tell that little guinea so-and-so his birds are first, second and third.' I had forgotten that I had told him that I would stay out of the race. Sam Bergman's birds were fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. Oh, Sam Bergman really knew birds. I haven't come across anyone yet who knew birds like Sam Bergman."

While driving birds over to Jersey for training flights, Sam became interested in chicken farms he saw en route. Before long he was talking to chicken farmers and subscribing to various poultry journals. "The breedin' of birds fascinates me," Sam says. His mother was horrified that she had raised a farmer, but in 1941 Sam and Mil moved to Wappingers Falls and a chicken farm. He paid J. A. Hansen of Corvallis, Ore. $150 for a white leghorn rooster and as much as $50 each for hens—"I believe in startin' at the top," Sam says—and went into the egg business. He gave his racing pigeons to friends, but he kept his hand in the bird-sporting line by training gamecocks for a millionaire in Poughkeepsie. At the peak, Sam and Mil had 7,000 leghorns. He shipped hatching eggs, which are used to improve chicken breeding, to such far points as Sweden and New Zealand and was paid as much as $1 per egg. But the chickens took a lot of work, and finally Sam gave them up. Even before he did, Mil insisted that he get back in pigeons. That was in 1953, and Sam has stayed with pigeons ever since.

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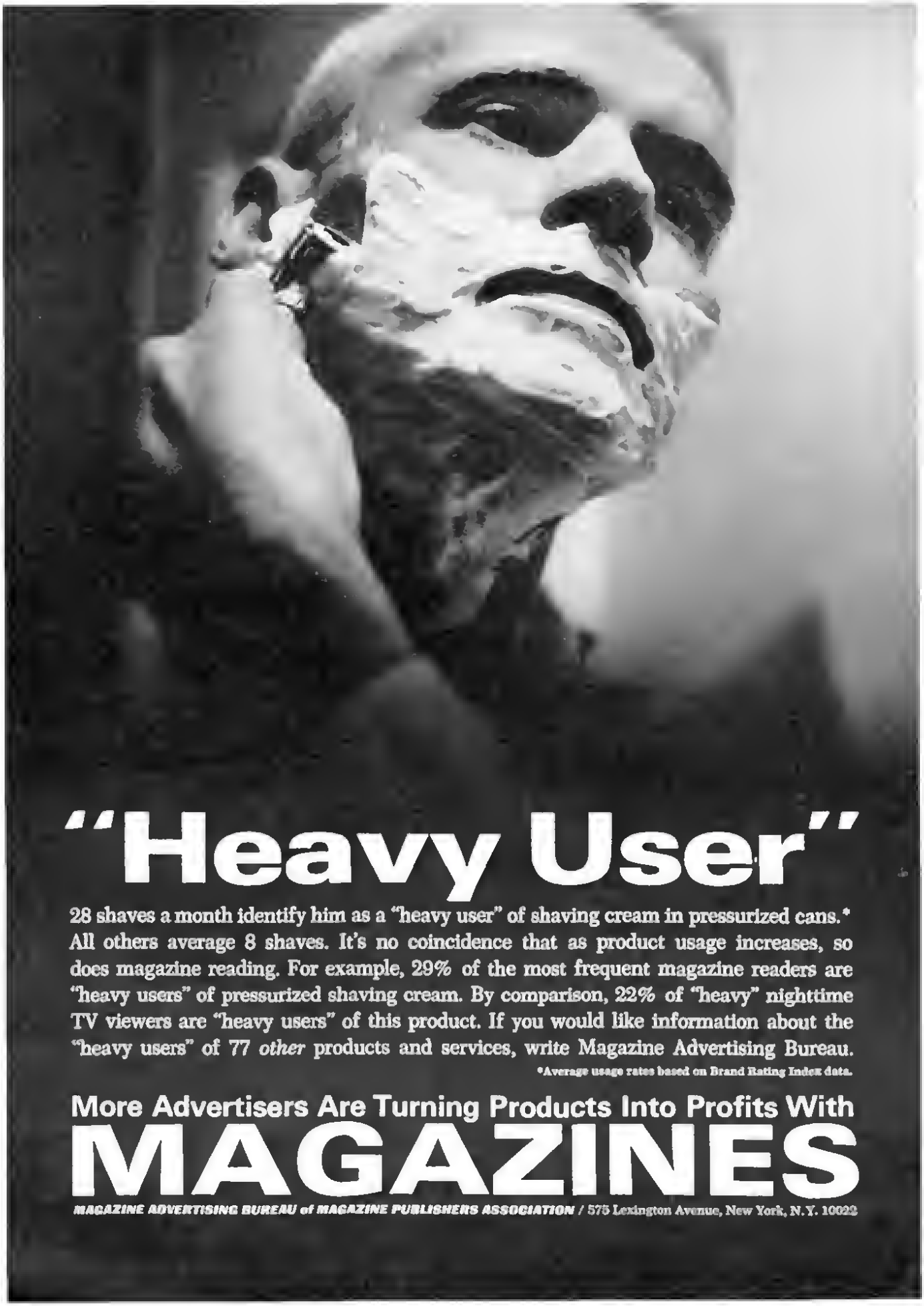
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On occasion, Sam has imported pigeons from Europe. Just now, he is looking over a 12-bird shipment received from Pierre Dordin, a famous French breeder. Sam will not say what he paid for the birds, but Mil expresses mock horror at the $146.54 bill for the 21 days the birds were kept in quarantine at Kennedy airport. The birds from Dordin are kept as "prisoners" in the brood loft by Sam. They have to be kept as lifetime prisoners, because if they were allowed to fly, their homing instinct would prompt them to try to make the trip back to Dordin's loft in France. A racing pigeon develops the instinct for its home loft by the time it is about 28 days old. Exactly how a homing pigeon is able to find his home is still one of the mysteries of animal behavior. It is now believed, however, that vision plays an important part. In one experiment, racing pigeons raised in a loft constructed deep in an excavation could not find their way back when released. The assumption is that they had no visual landmarks to serve as signposts. Whenever Sam is going to give a youngster to another flier, he makes certain that the bird never gets a good look at the surroundings outside the loft.

Sam is very selective in his use of brood stock. Mil says, "I remember once he imported a dozen pigeons from England. He had pneumonia, and to make him feel good I went and put the crate at the foot of his bed. He looks at 'em, and he says, 'Kill that one, that one, that one and that one.' I said, 'Sam, four out of a dozen birds! Kill 'em for what you paid?' He says, 'Kill 'em!' " Mil killed them. Sam now says, "Two birds outta that dozen were worth the price of the rest. One of them there birds, crossed with one of mine, brought Pop." Pop, an 8-year-old Sion, is Sam's best resident stud. He raced until he was 3, earning 10 first diplomas in 18 races. Pop is a medium-sized, well-balanced bird with a flat keel or breastbone. He has the kind of body that Sam likes in a bird. So far, Pop has sired six other birds (all hens, oddly enough) that have done very well in racing.

In New Jersey for a training flight, Joe Parkway and his son release baskets of pigeons from their specially constructed moving van for the short flight back to New York.

Sam starts breeding his pigeons in the middle of February. It takes a hen a week to 10 days to lay the first egg, and it takes 18 days for the egg to hatch. When a youngster is about 10 days old and its feet have grown sufficiently large, an aluminum band is slipped over a foot and onto the leg. The bird will then grow so that the leg fits the band. Each bird has an individual number on its band, plus initial letters standing for the breeder or his club. The International

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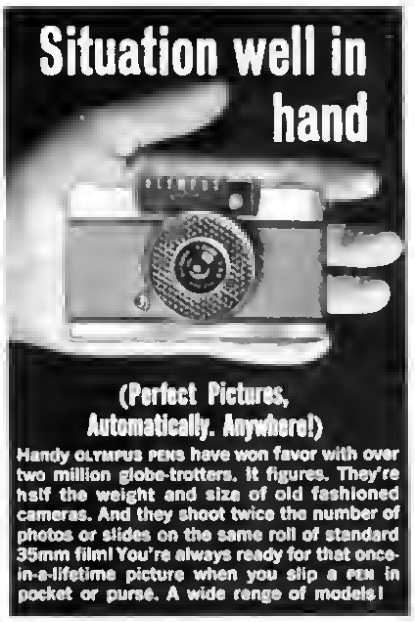

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Federation or the American Racing Pigeon Union, Inc., the two groups that govern the sport, supply the bands, and by consulting master lists it is possible to trace any bird that happens to become lost or disabled to its original loft. The band stays on the bird for life; a racing pigeon that loses its band is all but worthless, since a bird cannot be rebanded. Teen-age vandals once broke into the loft of Ace Lent, a friend of Sam's, and for some perverse reason snipped the bands off all his birds. Lent was so upset he gave the birds away to a pet-shop dealer in New York, 40 miles south of their home loft in Verplanck, N.Y. Lent warned the dealer against letting the birds loose, but the dealer wanted to see them fly, and the birds all flew back to Verplanck. Lent trucked them back to the city, but he gave up after this happened two more times. Now and then Lent sees one of his old birds fluttering around behind the house where the loft used to be.

Young racing pigeons can start flying at 10 weeks of age. Sam puts them through a rigorous program. "Sam is very hard on the birds," says Mil, who drives the birds off every morning for training flights. On the birds' first training flight, Mil drives them 15 miles away. The next time it is 30 miles. Then it's 100 miles, when the birds are liberated in New Jersey. The De Luelas have a new station wagon, and in the first month the car traveled 4,500 miles, mostly on training flights. Several weeks ago Mil took a mixed batch of birds 30 miles south to Croton-on-Hudson where she released them by age group from a big sandpit next to the New York Central diesel shops. The experienced birds at once lit out up the river straight for Wappingers Falls. The last group to be liberated, about 50 young birds, circled overhead and then headed south to New York City, the exact opposite wrong direction. Mil looked up at them in disgust and shouted, "You bums!" The young birds eventually changed direction, but they were half an hour behind the others.

According to Sam, "Many fellas leave birds home that would be winners because they don't know the condition of the bird. There are certain things to look for. I look for a nice, clean, silky body. The feathers have to slide through your hands, like. And the flesh on the keel has to be a nice pinkish blue without any scales. And the keel bone should be so nice, bright and white. Also, there's a little red bubble that shows as though it's on the keel bone. But it's on the flesh, and you can actually see it going up and down. The eyes are very bright. The birds are on the alert."

Clubs in Sam's area fly pigeons over two courses, the southwest and the west. The length of the races runs from 150 to 650 miles. Every member of every club in the United States has the exact longitude and latitude of his loft plotted by an aerial survey company, and the distances from the loft to the various starting points of a race course are measured to the nearest hundredth of a mile. The bird that wins the race is the bird that averages the most yards per minute.

Sam's loft is located at latitude 41° 35 minutes 32.5 seconds north, and longitude 73° 53 minutes 47.4 seconds west. On the west course from the loft, the release point for a race from Shenandoah, Pa. is precisely 130.509 miles; Carlisle, Pa. is 196.091 miles, Fort Littleton, Pa., 237.946; Somerset, Pa., 292.183, Wilkinsburg, Pa., 321.921; Coshocton, Ohio, 426.673; Urbana, Ohio, 526.011; and Greenfield, Ind., 635.518. On the southwest course, Deepwater, N.J., the closest race point, is 155.070 miles away, and Spartanburg, S.C., the most distant point, is 631.731 miles.

Sam much prefers the west course, but most pigeon-fliers hate it. The west course is a far more rugged test than the southwest course, and training and conditioning really count. The birds have to fly across the Appalachians and the Catskills. They have to contend with varying winds, low-lying clouds, updrafts and perhaps thunderstorms. On a rough day it is not uncommon for a flier to lose every bird he has entered in a race. Sometimes a bird will straggle in two days later, or six months later or even a year later. Ordinarily the Mid Hudson Valley Club races the southwest course across relatively flat country. Birds flying

continued

PBM

Bilt's Men's Wear—*Hu*
Black Friedman & Wi *Ala*
Hanny's (all stores)
Levy's—*Tucson, Ariz*
The Blass Co.—*Little Rock, Ark*
Seiler's—*Bakersfield, Calif*
Jean's—*Hermosa Beach, Calif*
Silverwood's—*Los Angeles, Cal*
Harris Co.—*San Bernardino, C*
Lion Clothing Co.—*San Diego, Cal*
Hastings (all stores)—*San Fr*
Bu s Co. Santa Ana—*Santa*
H. C. Hinshey—*Santa Monica, C*
Hirsfields—*Hartford, Conn*
Oscar Gross & Sons—*Meriden, C*
Edward Malley Co.—*New Ha*
Weiner's Clothes—*Wilmington, D*
Lou Kensgate—*Stanford, Conn*
Weiner's Clothes—*Windsor, Conn*
Emerald's Men's Store—*Dover, De*
Murray's—*Wilmington, De*
Raleigh Haberdasher—*Washington, D.C.*
Lam Store for Men—*Coral Gables, Fla*
Dick Richmond Inc.—*Miami, Fla*
Lane Store for Men—*Miami, Fla*
Morris Levy—*Savannah, Ga*
M. McInerny Ltd.—*Honolulu, Ha*
Haskins—*Chicago, Ill*
Greiners—*Mt. Vernon, Ill*
Gunses Co. & Co.—*Lexington, Ky*
Maison Blanche—*New Orleans, La*
Kavanaugh's—*Baltimore, Md*
The Young Men's Shop—*Frederick, Md*
Hoffman's Inc.—*Hagerstown, Md*
Larry Alan Ltd.—*Rockville, Md*
Hosmer & Co.—*Springfield, Mass*
Coles Clothes of Distinction—*Battle Creek, Mich*
Dearborn Toggery—*Dearborn, Mich*
Roberts-David Alan—*Detroit, Mich*
George Bulli Men's Store—*Grand Rapids, Mich*
Lilian's Varsity Shop—*Kalamazoo, Mich*
J. W. Knapp Co.—*Lansing, Mich*
Small's Inc.—*Lansing, Mich*
Edward's Men's Shop—*Saginaw, Mich*
Lumindis—*Muskegon, Mich*
Hingston's—*St. Paul, Minn*
Julius Lewis Inc.—*Jackson, Miss*
Stix, Baer & Fuller (all stores)—*St. Louis, Mo.*
Wolff's Clothiers—*St. Louis, Mo*
Miller's—*Cherry Hill, N.J.*
Millers on the Mall—*E. Brunswick, N.J.*
Karrows—*Flemington, N.J.*
Kriegel's—*Hackensack, N.J.*
Barrett's Men's Shop—*Jersey City, N.J.*
Linney Co.—*Newark, N.J.*
Mac Hugh Inc.—*Ridgewood, N.J.*
Zimmerman's Clothes—*Rockaway, N.J.*
Frederick W. Donnelly—*Trenton, N.J.*
Field Brothers Inc.—*Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Marks—*Huntington, L.I., N.Y.*
Wallach's Inc. (all stores)—*New York, N.Y.*
Barrows of Poughkeepsie—*Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*
Heimans of Poughkeepsie—*Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*
Field Brothers Inc.—*Rego Park, N.Y.*
Sibley Lindsay & Curr—*Rochester, N.Y.*
Wicks & Greenman—*Utica, N.Y.*
The Man Store—*Asheville, N.C.*
J. O. Jones—*Charlotte, N.C.*
Van Straaten's—*Durham, N.C.*
Matthews-Bak Co.—*Fayetteville, N.C.*
McLeod-Watson & Lanier—*Raleigh, N.C.*
Laing's—*Akron, Ohio*
The C. N. Vicary Co.—*Canton, Ohio*
Burkhardt's—*Cincinnati, Ohio*
May Co.—*Cleveland, Ohio*
Walker's Inc.—*Columbus, Ohio*
Plaza Men's Shop—*Lancaster, Ohio*
Southgate Men's Shop—*Newark, Ohio*
Hartzell's—Rost & Sch.—*Youngstown, Ohio*
Weiner's—*Portland, Oreg*
The Bonton—*Altoona, Pa*
Lewis Clothing Store—*Chambersburg, Pa*
Murray's—*Chester, Pa*
Clinton R. Mansfield—*Coatesville, Pa*
Finney's—*Harrisburg, Pa*
Stevens—Schell—*Scranton, Pa*
Carlier Men's Shops—*Monessen, Pa*
Gimbel's—*Philadelphia, Pa*
Robinson's—*Pittsburgh, Pa*
Wilt's—*Reading, Pa*
Schlichter's—*Scranton, Pa*
Lehmier's—*York, Pa*
Richard's—*Providence, R.I.*
Lemon's—*Warwick, R.I.*
Hayward-Mahon Co.—*Charleston, S.C.*
Aug. W. Smith Co.—*Greenville, S.C.*
Julius Lewis Inc.—*Memphis, Tenn*
Joseph Frank & Son—*Nashville, Tenn*
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Shepard & Hamlin—*Bennington, Vt*
Carlone-Anderson—*Portland, Me*
Harry's Shops Inc.—*St. Johnsbury, Vt*
Young Men's Shop—*Newport News, Va*
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this course will usually average higher speeds than they would on the west course. On a windy day birds racing the southwest course fly as low as five or 10 feet above ground, soaring slightly to clear buildings and bridges.

When birds are liberated from the specially constructed van that has trucked them to the starting point, they merge into a great flock as they start to beat their way homeward. If, by chance, some inexperienced birds from Wappingers Falls are flying with a greater cluster of birds bound for New York City, the upstate birds might be "dragged" off course toward New York for a time, since it is in the gregarious nature of pigeons to flock together.

Contrary to the popular impression, hawks are not much of a threat to racing birds. A well-conditioned pigeon can get away from a hawk quite easily. But high-tension wires take a toll, even on a clear day. "The birds in the front see the wires and avoid 'em," says Sam. "But the birds bunched up behind can fly right into 'em and get hurt. I've picked up many birds that have flown into high-tension wires."

This year the Mid Hudson Valley Club held its last race of the season early in October. The race was for young birds, pigeons hatched last spring, and the distance was 350 miles over the southwest course from Charlottesville, Va. On a Thursday afternoon at 5, Sam began getting ready by picking 32 birds from his loft. He was racing 18 of them in his own name and 14 for Phil, his son. (Phil has nothing to do with pigeons, but Sam uses his name in racing because he is then allowed to clock two birds at the finish, the best one of his own and the best one of Phil's.) Sam put the birds in carrying cases and drove them over to the barn that is the MHV clubhouse. He and Mil unstacked four long wicker baskets which the club would use to ship the birds to Charlottesville. Two of the shipping baskets were for hens, the other two for cocks. If the sexes are mixed, the birds will fight. Sam emptied handfuls of sugar cane into the shipping baskets to soak up the birds' droppings and keep the baskets dry. "These baskets were imported from Belgium," Sam

continued

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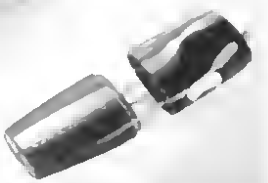

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said. "We oughta make 'em here and give work to people."

When he and Mil had finished preparing the baskets, Ralph Giammarino, a club member, arrived. He began to help Sam with the time clocks. Each member of the club has his own clock, one that can run as long as eight days. Sam, acting as the club's race secretary, had to set all of them so that they would start precisely at 7:30. He signed a paper tape, on which arrival times of birds are automatically recorded inside the clock, and Giammarino then sealed the clocks with a lead seal. On each seal he embossed the initials of the club.

Half a dozen other members of the club arrived with birds. Each flier took his birds over to a desk where Mil recorded their band numbers. She also noted the number on a special green rubber band that was put on each bird's leg for the race. This special band is a countermark. When a pigeon arrives in his loft at the end of a race, the flier must remove the countermark band as quickly as possible, insert it in a capsule and then drop the capsule in a slot in the sealed time clock. The time of arrival is then automatically noted. No clocks are opened until the race is over, when all fliers meet to break the seals and check times.

Henry Henschel kept track of the number of cocks and hens by chalking a piece of slate affixed to the side of each shipping basket. Each flier paid 40¢ to enter a bird in the race. Of $46.40 collected, $23.40 went into the club treasury, $3 went to Sam for gas for driving the birds to the van that would ship the birds, and $20 went to the van owner, Joe Parkway of the Bronx, who charges $5 a basket. Parkway's real name is Kowalchuk, but there are many fliers who know him only as Parkway. His wife is usually called Mrs. Parkway. A few knowing fliers think Parkway got his name because he is always on the road with his vans—he has four of them—but Parkway says he got the name from his old pigeon loft, the Parkway Loft. He took the name Parkway for his loft, he further explains, because he lived between two parks on Park Avenue in the Bronx.

A master electric clock on the wall

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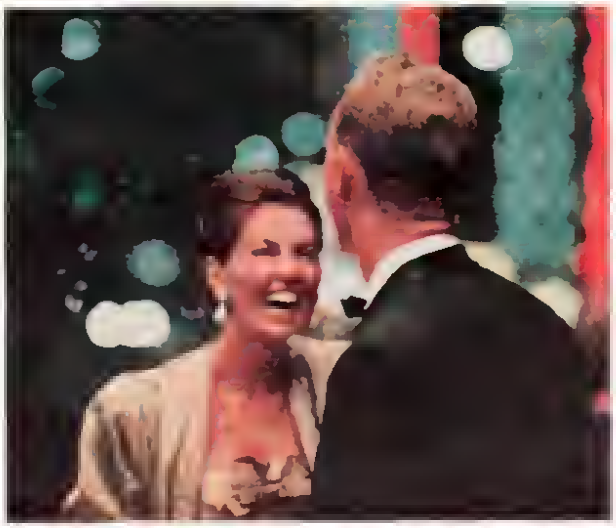

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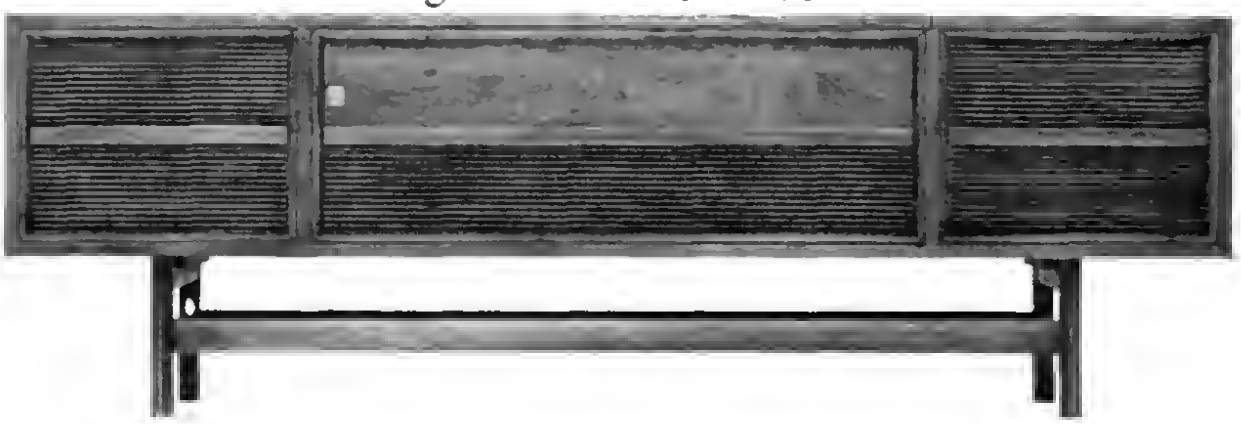

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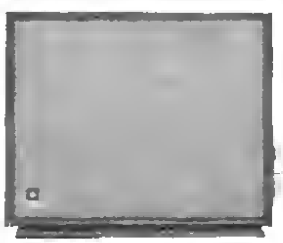

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of the club approached 7:25. "Everybody got a clock?" Sam asked aloud. The seven fliers present said they had. The fliers talked among themselves until Sam, his eyes on the master clock, shouted, "Got a minute to go!" The fliers stood by their clocks as Sam kept his right hand on the key of his own. "Thirty seconds to go!" he shouted. He began a countdown: "Ten! . . . Five! Four! T'ree! Two! One! Go!!!" Keys turned and hands slammed as the fliers "bumped the clocks" to start at 7:30. With a smile, Sam held his clock to his ear to listen to it tick.

Sam and Sol Arrao loaded the four shipping baskets into the back of a panel truck. Then, with Sam driving, they headed 25 miles south to meet one of Joe Parkway's "racing-pigeon Pullmans" in the parking lot of the By-pass Diner in Peekskill. They arrived at 8:15 and went into the diner for coffee while they waited for the van.

At 8:30 Bob Petersen, a driver for Joe Parkway, came into the diner. Sam and Sol went outside, where they picked up four baskets Parkway was returning from the previous week's race, and then they helped Petersen load the baskets with birds. Petersen arranged the baskets lengthwise on shelves in such a way that he would be able to liberate the birds by opening the louvered doors on each side of the van. When Petersen had finished, Sam asked him to phone collect Saturday morning after he had liberated the birds in Charlottesville. Petersen said he would. He had already picked up birds from the club in Carmel, N.Y., and now he was bound for the city to pick up more pigeons for Charlottesville. He was going to liberate all the birds, club by club, from the parking lot of the University of Virginia football stadium, provided the weather was clear. In addition to phoning Sam the time of liberation, Petersen would tell him weather conditions and wind direction. Sam and Sol shook hands with him, Petersen hopped into the cab of the van, and all drove off into the night.

On Saturday morning Sam received a collect call from Petersen in Charlottes-

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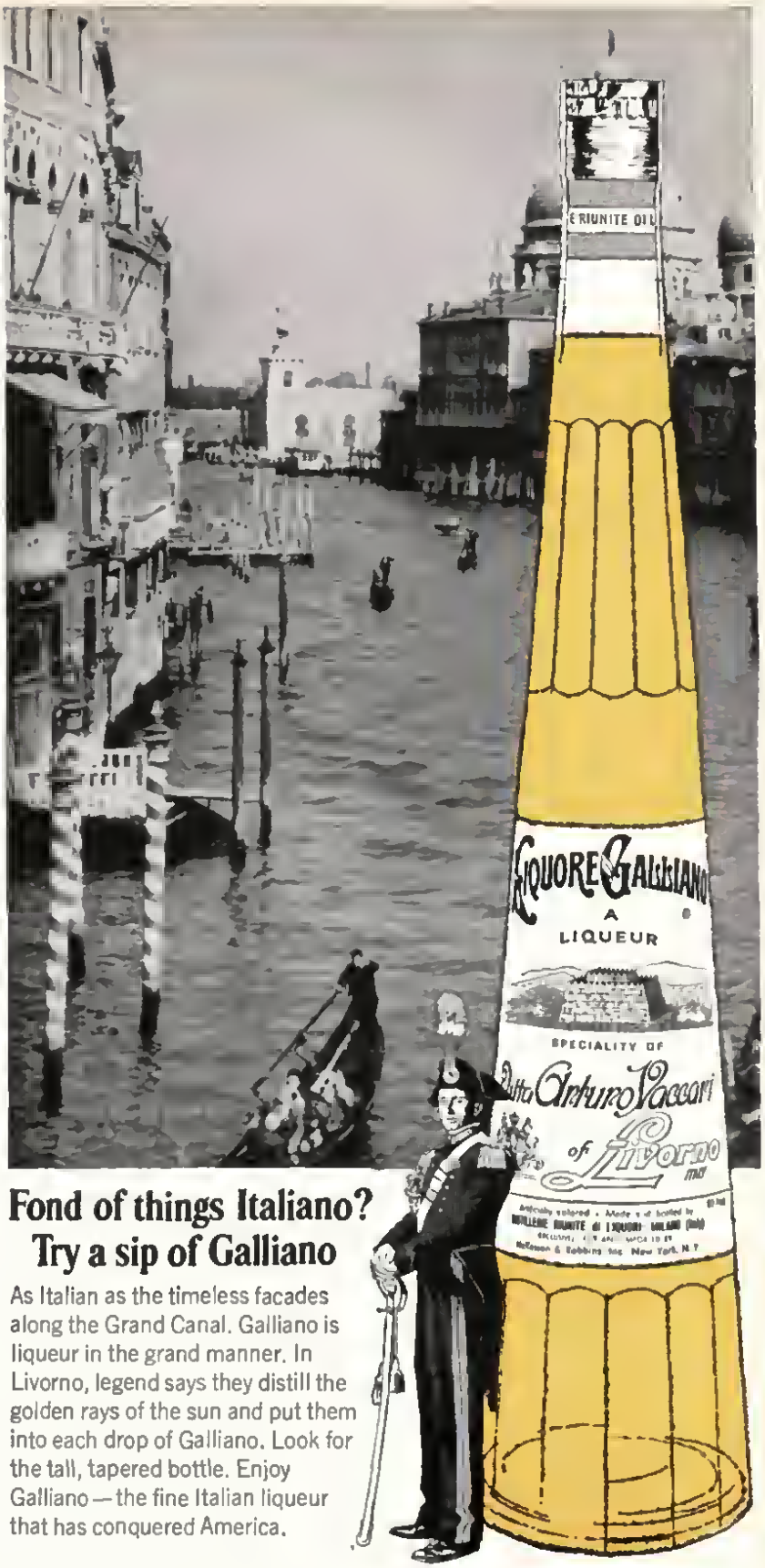

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ville. The Mid Hudson Valley birds had been liberated at 6:55 a.m., the sky was clear and the wind from the northwest. Sam phoned the rest of the fliers so they could get ready. The consensus was that the birds would start arriving about 2 that afternoon, but Sam disagreed. They had a wind to buck, and he didn't figure on arrival until between 3 and 4. At about 3:15 Sam had an eerie feeling—"a feelin' I can't describe"—that the birds were about to come in. He went outside by the lofts and waited. He waited for 20 minutes, and then he saw them, a flock of a dozen or more flying over the trees that sloped down toward the Hudson. Sam waited, tense with excitement, for his birds to peel off from the flock and head for his loft. But the whole flock headed straight toward him, and then he realized that all the birds, every single one of them, were his. As the birds landed, Sam grabbed the first one, took off the countermark and dropped it in the clock. He did this with a second bird that happened to be Phil's. Then he stopped.

That evening the rest of the fliers came back to the clubhouse on the farm with their clocks. They broke their seals, and right away Sam knew he had the winner. He had clocked the first bird at 3:41 p.m., Phil's at 3:42. Sam's winning bird had averaged 1,157 yards per minute, or 39 miles per hour, about average speed for a pigeon. If Sam had been allowed to clock all the birds that arrived in the first flock, he and Phil would have won the first 15 places. John Kleis was third with a bird that arrived half an hour later than Sam's. Kleis won $3 in prize money. Sam turned his winnings, $15, back into the club treasury. He has rarely taken prize money in recent years, and betting on the birds, a big thing in New York City where a man can win $6,000 on a race, is a practice he avoids.

Now Sam's birds are in their lofts. They won't race until next spring. Meanwhile, Sam can think about his birds all winter. He often thinks about them when he is out on the job laying brick. He likes to think about the way they come in on a loft, the way they suddenly come swoopin' in over the treetops, the way they don't leave nuthin' for nobody. END

January, February, March,
April, May, June, July,
August, September,
October, November...

December

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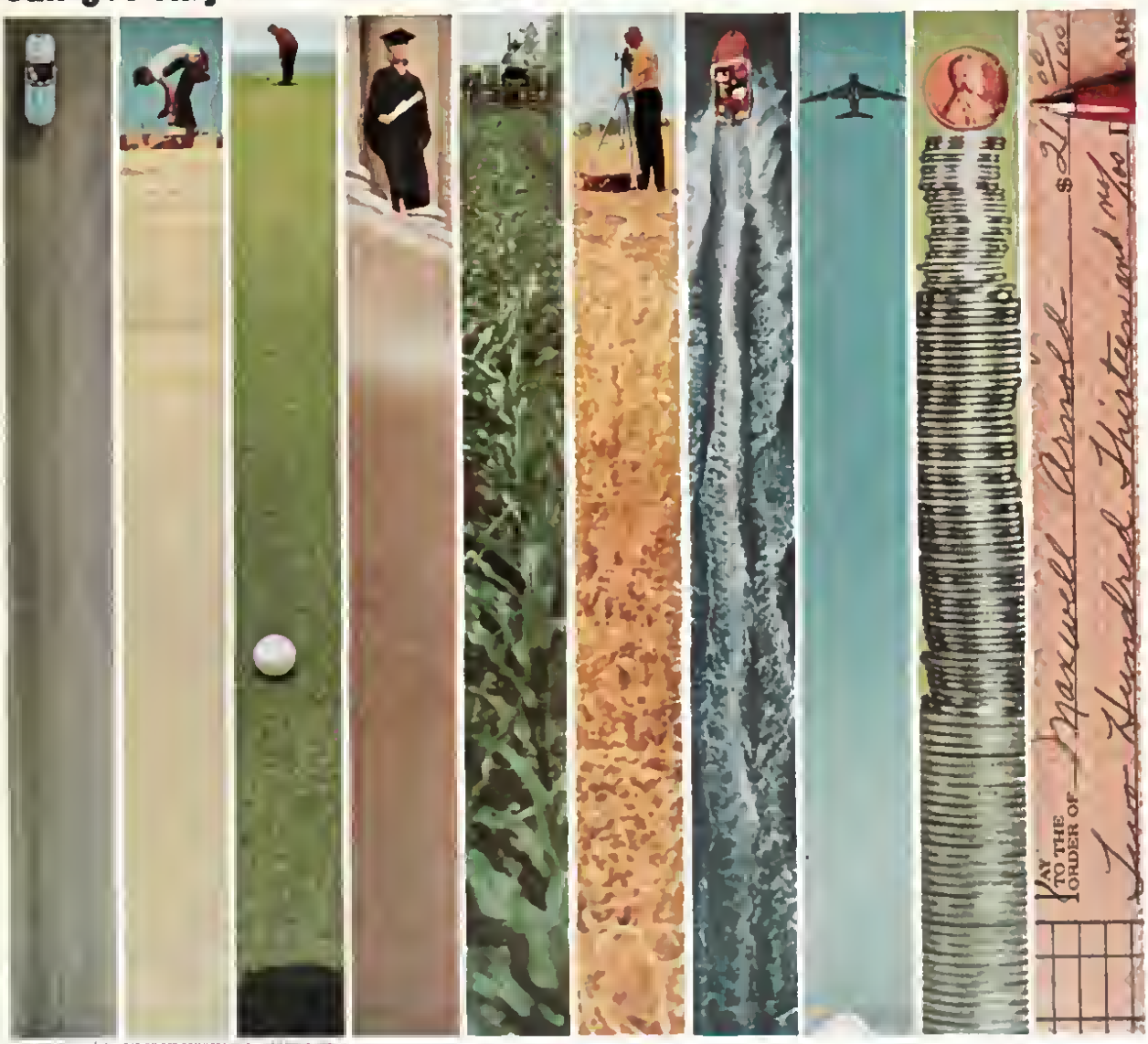
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Only the Knicks were excluded from the scuffle among the teams of the Eastern Division for first place last week. PHILADELPHIA (8–3), which began the week in third, took four straight games, including a big 123–114 victory over the Celtics and finished up on top. CINCINNATI (9–4) won its only two games but slipped from first place to second while BOSTON (8–4), with two in a row, extended its winning streak to five and leaped into first briefly. A split of their next two games shoved the Celtics into third. Steady NEW YORK (4–9) dropped three games, giving the Knicks a record of seven losses in their last nine starts. LOS ANGELES (9–6) lost one to the 76ers, its third straight, then came back with victories over the Pistons (the Knicks (107–106 on Elgin Baylor's free throw in the last minute) and the Bullets, to take first place in the West from SAN FRANCISCO (8–6), which was two for four. The Warriors' two victories were both over the Pistons, one of them 103–102 on Guy Rodgers' two free throws after the final buzzer. ST. LOUIS (8–6) beat the Warriors 138–113, the Hawks' highest total of the season, but lost to both the Bullets and the Celtics. BALTIMORE (5–11) was successful once in four tries while DETROIT (4–11) was unsuccessful four times.

BOATING—Miamian DICK BERTRAM, winner of the Cowes-Torquay English Channel race, took the world ocean-race drivers championship by placing first in the 164.5-mile Miami-Key West ocean race for powerboats. Bertram averaged 52.2 mph in *Brave Moppie*, his 36-foot wooden V-hull powered by two 550-horsepower Detroit Diesel engines, and completed the run in 3:07:29, a new record for the race.

BOXING—Sugar Ray Robinson, 45, lost his last chance for a middleweight title fight when he dropped a unanimous 10-round decision to JOEY ARCHER, the fourth-ranked middleweight (*page 89*). Next day Robinson, middleweight champion five times, announced his retirement after 199 fights (173 wins, 19 losses, 5 draws and two no-contests) in 26 years.

CARLOS ORTIZ, who lost his world lightweight title to Ismael Laguna in Panama last April, won it back with a unanimous decision in a 15-round rematch in San Juan, P.R.

JOE FRAZIER, the 1964 U.S. Olympic heavyweight champion, knocked out Abe Davis in the first round of their scheduled eight-rounder in Philadelphia. Each of his four fights since turning pro have been victories by knockouts.

FOOTBALL—NFL. BALTIMORE's Johnny Unitas, injured a week earlier, failed to start for the first time since November of 1958 and was replaced by Gary Cuozzo, who threw five touchdown passes, a club record, in a 41–21 win over Minnesota. The victory kept the Colts a game ahead of second-place GREEN BAY, which beat Los Angeles 6–3 when a fumble recovery by Lionel Aldridge set up Don Chandler's last-minute field goal. Clark Miller of SAN FRANCISCO picked up a Milt Plum fumble and ran 75 yards with it for the deciding touchdown as the 49ers beat Detroit 27–21 (*page 40*). CHICAGO trailed St. Louis 13–10 at the half but rallied in a wild fourth quarter that saw four fights and 17 Bear points. The final score, 34–13. The victory moved the Bears into a three-way tie for third in the West with the Lions and the Vikings and dropped the Cards two games behind the first-place Browns in the East. Jimmy Brown passed the 1,000-yards-rushing mark for the seventh time in his nine-year career, when he ran for 156 yards and three touchdowns in leading CLEVELAND to a 34–21 win over New York, while DALLAS defeated Pittsburgh 24–17 on Don Meredith's 28-yard TD pass to Bob Hayes with two minutes to go. PHILADELPHIA beat Washington 21–14, for the first time in four games since the teams traded quarterbacks a season ago as Norm Snead outpassed Sonny Jurgensen, completing 21 passes for 311 yards.

AFL. In the week's major upset, KANSAS CITY smothered Western leader San Diego 31–7 as Len Dawson completed 13 of 22 passes for 710 yards and three touchdowns, while the Chiefs defense intercepted six Charger passes. Oakland missed a chance to move within half a game of San Diego when it was edged by BUFFALO in the final seconds 17–14, and ended up instead tied for second with KC, 1½ games behind. DENVER upset Houston, the second-place team in the East, 31–21 and boosted the Bills' lead in the East to 3½ games. Rookie Joe Namath, playing the full game for NEW YORK, threw scoring passes of 22 and 36 yards to Don Maynard, and Jim Turner kicked three field goals as the Jets whipped Boston 30–20.

GOLF—With birdies on three of the last four holes, Australia's BRUCE DEVLIN won the Dunlop International on the par-73 Yarra Yarra course in Melbourne. His 285 total was one stroke ahead of British Open Champion Peter Thomson.

HOMERO BLANCAS went into the final round of the Mexican Open in Mexico City with a one-stroke lead and came out of it with a four-stroke win over Lee Trevino of Dallas, a fellow rookie on the pro tour. Blancas' score was 284, four under par.

HARNESS RACING—With her sixth straight victory, a 2½-length win over Egyptian Candor in the $81,386 Dexter Cup at Roosevelt Raceway, ARMBRO FLIGHT ($3.1 the only filly in the race, clinched the 3-year-old trotting championship.

HOCKEY—NHL. With one win and two ties MONTREAL (6–2–3) pulled two points ahead of CHICAGO (6–2–1) in their duel for first place. The Black Hawks, who won one and lost two, were unbeaten in seven games until they were trounced by the Canadiens 5–2 in a game that ended in a brawl. NEW YORK (4–3–3), which had not lost in six games, dropped a 5–2 decision to the Maple Leafs but then beat the Black Hawks 4–2, while TORONTO (3–6–2), which had not had a victory in six games, won one, then tied and lost its next two games. DETROIT (2–5–3) tied twice, lost once and slipped to fifth. BOSTON (2–5–2), getting strong net-tending from rookie goalie Bernie Parent, tied the Rangers 2–2 and shut out the Maple Leafs 2–0.

HORSE RACING. The two French representatives in the 1½-mile $150,000 Washington, D.C. International at Laurel finished one-two as DIATOME ($11.60), owned by Baron Guy de Rothschild and ridden by Jean Deforge, nosed out Carvin, owned by Jean Boutillier (*page 92*).

SPRING DOUBLE ($112.40), the second longest shot in the 13-horse field for the $213,990 Pimlico Futurity, was second across the finish line, but Jockey Herb Hinotosa lodged a complaint of bumping against the apparent winner, Fathers Image. It was upheld, and Spring Double was declared the winner.

HORSE SHOWS. The revival of the Washington International show almost failed to live up to its name. Only England's Douglas Bunn appeared to compete against the U.S. Equestrian Team's riders as Argentina, Ireland, Canada and Mexico declined their invitations. With Team Captain Bill Steinkraus not competing, KATHY KUSNER won the fight among the U.S. riders for the individual championship. An interesting newcomer was 18-year-old CRYSTINE JONES of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., who won the green jumper title on Kearina.

MOTOR SPORTS. A world land-speed record for wheel-driven cars was set by BOBBY SUMMERS in his piston-driven GOLDENROD. Summers' average for the two-way run on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats was 409.277 mph, a 6.177-mph improvement on the mark set by Donald Campbell of England. Three days later Craig Breedlove, in his jet-powered *Spirit of America*, raised the absolute world mark past the 600-mph barrier with an average of 600.61 mph.

SHOOTING—After a double shootoff against the Chilean team, the UNITED STATES gained the team title at the world skeet-shooting championships in Santiago. ROBERT RODALE of Allentown, Pa., the only civilian on the American squad, fired two perfect rounds of 25 in the shootoffs.

SIDEPOSTS. NAMED Most Valuable Player in the National League by the Baseball Writers Association of America, WILLIE MAYS, 34, of the second-place San Francisco Giants, for the second time. Mays led the majors last season in home runs (52) and total bases (359), was second in the NL in runs scored (118) and had the league's third-highest batting average (.317). In 1954, when the Giants were still in New York, Mays, in his first full season, led them to the pennant with a league-leading .345 and earned his first MVP award.

RESIGNED. NORM VAN BROCKLIN, 39, coach of the Minnesota Vikings since their inception in 1961, following a 41–21 defeat by Baltimore.

DIED. BILL LINDERMAN, 45, the first cowboy to win three rodeo championships in one season (1950) and the biggest money winner ($439,000) in the history of the Rodeo Cowboys Association, in the crash of a United Airlines plane in Salt Lake City. In recent years Linderman had served as secretary-treasurer of the RCA.

CREDITS

40, 41—James Drake. 42—Bob Corgi, Houston Post; Det. Mirrors Register & Tribune. 43, 48–50—Tony Tavolo. 44—Stan Wayman; Pasho Giumette for LIFE. 57—Walter Iooss Jr. 58—Bob Peterson. 59—James Drake. 60—Art Shay. 64, 69, 71—Rich Clarkson. 86—Associated Newspapers Pictorial. 90—Hans Schallman. 102-104, 117—Wide Stanche. 129—Miami Daily News, Tom Patterson, James R. Gerber.

FACES IN THE CROWD

SALLY PECHINSKY, a sophomore honor student at Peabody (Mass.) High School, defeated Mrs. Sophie Trett of Washington 4–2 in a fence-off to take the Women's "B" foil title in an Amateur Fencers' League of America tournament at the Fencers Club in New York.

MIKE RUSSELL, a senior, broke the Seymour (Ind.) High School football scoring record by eight points when he tallied all the points in his team's 40–12 win over Connersville High. He finished the game with six touchdowns, four conversions and a total gain of 450 yards.

KAY VANDIVER of Minot, N. Dak., who once bowled a 300 game as a right-hander and began all over again as a left-hander after an auto accident in which she lost her right arm, won the handicap division of the North Dakota Queens Tournament with 1,665 pins.

ORVILLE PARKS, 69, of Cambridge, Md., skipper of the 46-foot skipjack, *Rosie Parks*, beat by two minutes a fleet of 16 working oyster dredgers over a seven-mile course off Sandy Point, in Chesapeake Bay, despite a minor collision just after the start.

JEANNETTE ALFORD of Miami, who already holds the women's world record with a 476-pound Atlantic blue marlin on 50-pound-test line, earned another international mark with a 428-pound Pacific blue, also on 50-pound-test, caught off the Kona Coast of Hawaii.

GLENN CUNNINGHAM JR., son of the great miler of the '30s, a senior at Leon (Kans.) High School, won the individual state Class B cross-country championship, covering two miles in 9:41.2. His school took the team championship in the 77-to-255 student division.

The Man Who Knew Vardon

by PETER FINNEY

There was this handsome man in knickerbockers coming toward me on the gravel path leading to the St. Andrews course," said George Turpie, reaching back to recall a meeting before the 1895 British Open.

"I was a little bit of a fellow at the time, and he towered over me. As he passed I tipped my hat. When he saw me bow he smiled and took the golf bag he was carrying off of his shoulder.

" 'You know this course?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' I said. 'I was practically born on it.' When he asked if I wanted to caddie I jumped at the chance. It wasn't until he got ready to tee off for a practice round that I noticed the name on the bag—Harry Vardon. It nearly bowled me over." For George Turpie, who had been born 15 years before at St. Andrews, it was the first of many adventures with great golfers.

At 85 Turpie is white-haired and soft-spoken, with a kind face and a long memory. He left the moors of Scotland before the turn of the century to "look into things across the water."

Turpie settled first in Chicago and later in New Orleans, his permanent home since 1915. The pioneering Scot gave the game its major impetus in New Orleans, designing the first course in City Park as well as the existing layout at New Orleans Country Club. He served as pro at three clubs and in 1941 became assistant pro at St. John's course in City Park, where he has checked tickets near a soft-drink stand alongside the 7th hole for the last 20 years.

The last of 13 children, George was born April 19, 1880, a few blocks from St. Andrews, the cradle of modern golf. In 1898 he sailed for the U.S. at the urging of an elder brother, who was then head pro at the Edgewater Golf Club in Chicago. Two years later, at the 1900 U.S. Open in Wheaton, Ill. George and Harry Vardon renewed their acquaintance.

"An unbelievable thing happened in that tournament," says George. "The great Vardon missed a shot completely. He was playing with Taylor in the final round and leading him by three shots going to the 18th. I was standing there and saw him make a putting stroke at the ball—but the club passed over it, missing it entirely.

"When Harry told the scorer he had a 5 instead of a 4, the man was thunderstruck. Afterward I asked him about it, and he said simply: 'Nerves, my boy, simply a case of nerves.'"

It was at Edgewater that Turpie gave Chick Evans his start as a caddie, and Turpie often wonders what would have become of Chick if a coin he tossed in 1899 hadn't come up heads.

"You could see right away Evans had tremendous natural ability," says Turpie, "but he was a problem child. He and another caddie named Joe Moheiser were terrific rivals and awful jealous of one another. One day, after they had mixed it, I read them the riot act. 'Next time I catch you two fighting,' I told them, 'one of you will have to go.' "

A few days later, they were at it again. Turpie broke them up and then, as a crowd gathered, pulled a coin from his pocket.

"Evans called 'heads' and that's how it turned up," says Turpie. "I told Moheiser he'd have to go, and I never heard from him. Chick went on to win the U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open. I've often asked myself if Joe could have reached those heights. He had just as much ability."

In the winter of 1901–02, Turpie took a teaching job in Pasadena, Calif. and soon discovered he had an illustrious pupil: John D. Rockefeller, richest man in the world.

"Rockefeller would take a half-hour lesson and then we'd play nine holes," recalls Turpie. "He would have his valet along with a pail of ice and a towel. Every now and then, he'd dip the towel in the water to soothe his head. He'd tip his caddie a dime."

One winter George went to visit his brother, who had moved to New Orleans. He grew fond of the city and its mild climate, which was good enough for year-round golf. There he met a Scottish girl named Mary Begg, who had come over from Scotland with her uncle after her parents died. They were married in Feb-

continued

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ruary 1907 and the following December they arrived in St. Andrews for a visit just in time for the birth of their first child, Marion.

Nineteen years later, Marion Turpie won her first of three Southern championships, rewarding a doting father for hours of painstaking instruction. By the time she was 5, she had been swinging special clubs fashioned by her dad.

Turpie caught his first glimpse of Bobby Jones at the 1919 men's Southern in New Orleans. The 17-year-old Bobby arrived with his mother and played a practice round at the New Orleans Country Club. That was all it took to convince Turpie. "I caddied for Vardon and saw all of the other greats, but I had to take my hat off to this youngster," says Turpie. "Here was a gift from heaven. It looked like the game had been invented for him."

Jones advanced to the semifinals, where he lost to Nelson Whitney 6 and 5, but a shot he made in the qualifying round was the talk of the tournament. "Bobby's tee shot on the first hole—a par-3—bounced off to the right side of the green and wound up inside a discarded shoe left by one of the greenkeepers," says Turpie.

"I was referee, and they called me over for a ruling. Since he wasn't entitled to a lift under the existing rules, I told Bobby he'd have to play both the ball and the shoe if he wanted to avoid a penalty. He then calmly took out his niblick and pitched both onto the green. The ball popped out and rolled to within 15 feet of the hole. He missed his putt and took a bogey, but his shot was the main topic of conversation the rest of the week."

Turpie has no claim to fame as a player. "I finished third in a Los Angeles tournament in 1902 and picked up $25," he says. "I played in several U.S. Opens but was always out of the money."

Until an eye operation three years ago—it was the first time he had ever been in a hospital—Turpie visited the City Park driving range weekly to hit a bucket of balls. His brother Harry died in 1946—on his way to the range—and Turpie's wife passed away 10 years ago.

Turpie's ambition now is to live as long as Churchill, who died at 90. He has five years to go. "I don't know what Sir Winston's formula for longevity was," he says, "but I can give you a simple one—golf and fresh air." END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PORK BARREL

Sirs:

Congratulations! Dan Jenkins has redeemed himself with a masterpiece of reporting on our Razorbacks and Coach Broyles (*Man for the Next Few Seasons*, Nov. 8). He splendidly puts into words what all Arkansans have felt about our Hogs for years. We here on the Little Rock campus are just as hysterical and delirious as are the students up in the Ozarks and the fans all across the state. Light Horse Harry and Frank Broyles are heroes here just as much as in Fayetteville. We feel that Little Rock is the second home of the Pigs and that for several seasons this has been the starting point for the mania that spreads like wildfire across the state each fall. Again thanks for a writing job brilliantly done.

DAVID MARTIN

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Like Dan Jenkins I, too, was disgusted when Arkansas' Frank Broyles had to settle for co-Coach of the Year with Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian. Why, Ara didn't accomplish half what Broyles did! Parseghian only took a 2–7 team to within two minutes of the national championship through an easy schedule of Purdues, Southern Cals and Michigan States. Now Broyles, he took his team through the toughest schedule in the nation overthrowing such football powerhouses as Wichita State by the overwhelming score of 17–0.

Truly Frank Broyles was the Coach of the Year, and his great Razorbacks deserved their hard-won No. 1 rating. Woooo, pig, phooey!

PETER SULLIVAN

South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:

Now we know why Arkansas wins: they play patsies. The way Notre Dame and Michigan State win is more interesting: they play well. Send Broyles's team to South Bend or East Lansing—for that matter, send the Irish or the Spartans to Fayetteville—and the Razorbacks would be pork chops.

MICHAEL W. MCCLINTOCK

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

"Arkansas the new dynasty," indeed. But maybe you mean Ozark and Panhandle variety. How can you build a dynasty in a cracker box?

I'm sure the Irish of Notre Dame could handle both Arkansas and Nebraska on the same afternoon.

PATRICK F. BURKE

Frankfort, Ind.

Sirs:

Had Bud Wilkinson operated on Frank Broyles's patsy theory (ducking four defeats by nonconference foes), Oklahoma's win streak might never have ended. Fie upon you, Bud! Instead of Texas in '58 and '59, why did you not get us games with Wichita State and Hardin-Simmons? Was Northwestern necessary in '59? Why not North Texas State instead? As for that wretched game in '57, you goofed. We should have played Northwest Louisiana State. Bud preferred, however, to schedule the likes of California and Pittsburgh. Thus, on November 16, 1957, modern collegiate football's longest winning streak ended at 47. The Sooners lost the 48th 0–7 to that perennial "patsy" Notre Dame.

MARY LYLE WELKS

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

If the Hogs are looking for ways to further soften that already flabby schedule, may we suggest the addition of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which finally won a game this year after failing to win 43 in a row.

DONALD A. FOSKETT

West Hartford, Conn.

STEEPLE CLIMBERS

Sirs:

Mark Kram's description of the Detroit Pistons was truly picturesque (*Lost Bullets in Disasterville*, Nov. 8). The "hustling but inept gang of track stars who collaborated with Baltimore in horrendous exhibitions of church-basement basketball" must be disheveling the league. In a six-day period the inept Pistons "stumbled" (oops, pardon me) over the hapless World Champion Boston Celtics and "fumbled" (I'm really sorry) to a 10-point victory over the previously unbeaten Chamberlainian Philadelphia 76ers.

If the Pistons should unceremoniously butterfinger their way to a playoff spot (saints preserve us) this year, the "cinder" lads may well earn a Cinderella title—and a Coach-of-the-Year award, bequested to youthful Davey DeBusschere.

Better check someone else's basement, Mr. Kram. You might discover better cracks!

MORRIS MOORAWNICK

Detroit

GREEN PASTURES

Sirs:

From the start of the 1965 NFL season all I have read and heard is that the Green Bay Packers are the best team in the league. Perhaps I am now counting too heavily on the future. However, I feel that it is time to revise this statement to read, "The Baltimore Colts are the best team," for on November 7 they took over the undisputed lead of the Western Conference from the "fearsome, youthful and powerful" Packers. It seems that Vince Lombardi is capable of just so much searing. One seems to forget that the Colts do not need a scare to win. They have a point to prove—that they are a much better team than they appeared to be in last year's debacle in Cleveland. Whether or not the Colts will be able to get a chance to avenge this defeat, only time will tell. However, time already has told one thing—the Colts are a better team than the Packers.

WILLIAM I. SMULYAN

Baltimore

Sirs:

Yeah, Edwin Shrake is right (*The Bears Unpack 'Em*, Nov. 8). Green Bay *is* a "small dairy and farming town"—and Vince Lombardi lives in a converted silo, and the Packers sleep in a rented barn and, already, championship game tickets are being seafped for three barren cows and a pound of colored oleomargarine.

JERRY MCCORMACK

De Pere, Wis.

FALCON TALK

Sirs:

In that wonderful piece about falconry (*Hunters of the Sky*, Nov. 8) you tell us how falconers talk and, in a general way, what they are saying, but you don't tell us what the words mean. What exactly is an "intermewed eyas"? Please explain further so that I can talk falcon to my friends and sound really In.

J. S. WHITE

New York City

• An "eyas" is a bird taken from its aerie, or nest, before its flight feathers are fully developed. "Intermewed" means the bird has molted while in captivity. Other In terms among falconers are: "sharp-set," hungry or ready to kill; "rings up," spirals upward to get above the prey; "rouse," to shake the plumage into position; "yarak," keen and ready to be flown; "crab," a clash between two falcons; and "bowse," to drink, a term from which, it is said, the word "booze" derives.—ED.

SMALL SENSATION

Sirs:

I have been reading your magazine for about six years and have derived much pleasure from it. However, I wish that you had

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found room to mention one small-college sensation in your FOOTBALL'S WEEK section. He is John Marchitell of Hobart College, a senior halfback who by the end of his seventh game this season had gained 923 yards rushing in 129 carries, for an average of 7.1 yards per carry, and has practically rewritten the Hobart record book. On October 23 he rushed for a fantastic total of 272 yards in 34 tries (exactly eight yards per carry) and scored three touchdowns as Hobart crushed heavily favored Union College. In addition, Marchitell has already been named twice this year to the ECAC college-division all-star team of the week and has a good chance to gain 1,000 yards rushing this season, even though Hobart plays only eight games. I think that Marchitell and other small-college players like him deserve some mention in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

MICHAEL COVEY

Geneva, N.Y.

SHOWING THE COLORS

Sirs:

Football has seen many innovations since the days of the formidable but dangerous flying wedge. Playing equipment has been improved, goalposts have been moved back 10 yards behind the goal line, the college marching bands play brilliant scores from musicals instead of the college rouser songs, pompon girls have taken the play from yell leaders, and a team can go for two points after a touchdown rather than just one if it chooses to do so.

Most of this has made for a better and far more interesting gridiron game. However, I have a suggestion that I feel would add to the pleasure of spectators at both pro and college games: the use of two colored flags by the officials, one red and one blue, to help the spectator identify the team being penalized. If the defensive team were guilty of a rules infraction, the official would drop a red flag. If the offensive team were the offender, then he would throw down a blue flag. If both teams were guilty of breaking the rules on the same play, then both red and blue flags would appear on the turf. Under this system the spectator and the often excited broadcasting announcer could immediately detect who had been charged with the violation. Thus, if the red flag appeared, a sensational touchdown run could be called a TD for sure, or, if a blue flag were thrown to the grass, it would be known right then and there that the touchdown did not count and the ball would be returned for a penalty step-off. It might also keep the exuberant old alums from pounding the backs of innocent spectators sitting in front of them before it becomes clear that State's touchdown isn't for real.

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The Ecuadorians told me it wasn't a real bullfight. But they forgot to tell the bull.

1 **"Don't ever mess with a bull** that doesn't know the rules" writes Presley Norton, an American friend of Canadian Club "This was not a Hemingway-type *corrida*—just an annual ranch fiesta affair in a courtyard where the *toros* had blunt horns And besides, the beasts usually acted bored—or so my friends told me

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2 **"To that blanket** on the bull's back were fastened fruit, vegetables and money which local aficionados tried to snatch without getting trampled or tossed Not I, señor—*I* wanted to play matador!

3 **"I waved a red cloth** at a young bull, who charged it with vigor I awarded myself *olè's* for graceful cape-work the first two times But then he charged *me*, not the cloth I was lucky to get off with just torn pants.

4 **"That's when I retired** as a *torero* and went off with my friends to a local cantina for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon No other whisky tastes quite like it You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner in tall ones after Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.

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